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THE WASHINGTON HERALD

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WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1909.

1809 THE CENTENARY *of* ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTH 1909

Many Years Devoted to Assembling Mementos of the Great Emancipator

To the indefatigable enthusiasm of Mr. Osborn H. Oldroyd, of this city, is due the assembling of the wonderful collection of the relics of Abraham Lincoln forming the Lincoln Museum. Years were spent in assembling all these mementos of the great emancipator brought from different sections of the country and placed in the old Peterson home, where he passed away. It is from this collection that many of the illustrations for THE WASHINGTON HERALD'S Lincoln Centenary Edition were procured, and it was from the same source that the remarkable photographs here presented came.

There is, it is said, no photograph extant showing the President as he was previous to 1858. Whether or not he sat for his portrait before that time is not known. Several artists have depicted fanciful pictures of him at various stages of his youth, and this was not difficult to do, for his features retained their strong markings for many years. His was the face of the early pioneers, the gaunt and rugged men who hewed their way through the primeval forests and turned the first furrows in the virgin prairies of the West. With the great responsibilities of his office the lines deepened in his face and there came to his eyes that look of sadness which reflected only too well the elemental grief which tore his heart during the Gethsemane period of his career.

It was not until after the election of 1860 that Mr. Lincoln wore a beard, and the reason for his leaving it then is characteristic of the man. A little girl, Grace Bedell, of Westfield, N. Y., saw his portrait during the campaign, and said to her mother: "I think Mr. Lincoln would look better if he wore whiskers." Her father being a Republican, she wrote to the candidate her suggestion concerning the improvement in his looks, ending by saying:

"If you have no time to answer my letter, will you allow your little girl to reply for you?"

Lincoln was pleased with the letter and answered it at once, as follows:

"Springfield, Ill., October 19, 1860.

"Miss Grace Bedell.

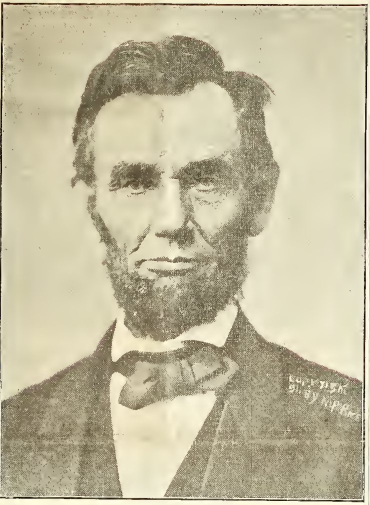
"My dear little Miss: Your very agreeable letter of the 15th is received. I regret the necessity of saying I have no daughter. I have three sons: one seventeen, one nine, and one seven years of age. They, with their mother, constitute my whole family. As to whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affectation if I should begin now? Your very sincere well-wisher,

"A. LINCOLN."

Col. A. K. McClure, in his recollections of Lincoln, says: "When on the journey to Washington to be inaugurated, the train stopped at Westfield. He spoke to ex-Lieut. Gov. Patterson, who accompanied the Presidential party, about his little correspondent in that place. Some one called out and asked if Grace Bedell was in the crowd that surged around the train. A way was opened and Grace came, timidly but gladly, to speak to the President-elect, who let her see that he had grown a beard at her request. Then, reaching his long arms, he lifted the little girl up and kissed her, amid enthusiastic applause from the approving multitude.

From that time on he was never without the beard which, some think, helped to accentuate the marked ruggedness of his face. Once, before his election, when he had had his picture taken in Chicago, the newsboys obtained a number of copies to sell on the street, and Lincoln used to tell with glee how they ran about crying: "Here's your picture of Abe Lincoln! He'll look better when his hair is combed!"

Lincoln's good nature in sitting to photographers and artists was unending. It was in no wise founded upon vanity, but arose from the knowledge that there was a widespread and sincere demand for his counterfeit presentment.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From an original untouched negative made in 1864, at the time he commissioned U. S. Grant Lieutenant General of the United States Army.

When Western Politics Were Young and Virile.

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On a certain afternoon in August, in the year 1832, a public sale was in progress in Pappsville, a little village in Sangamon County, Ill., eleven miles west of Springfield. The crowd stood or lounged about a rude stand and paid listless attention to the auctioneer, who without hat or coat, red of face and perspiring—for the afternoon was hot as only an August afternoon in Central Illinois knows how to be—bawled and shouted and cursed, and so, one by one, sold the poor implements of the farmer who had given up the struggle. The crowd was not interested though it accepted the auction as it would have accepted anything that broke the monotony of an existence as dull as that of Pappsville.

The auctioneer stood in the midst of wagons, plows, harrows, and the rusted implements of the farm and barnyard; near him was a pile of household furniture—an old bed and split bottom chairs, broken and altogether demoralized, and of stained bed-ticking, from which now and then feathers exuded and fell in the heavy, sultry air. Not far off stood a cow, and an old horse, and a hog—all dejected and sorry as everything else pertaining to the dismantled establishment.

The crowd nearly filled the square, if the space that lay open among the few log cabins could be called a square, and from one side it continually fed a stream of men that straggled off to the grocery, where, of course, liquor was sold. The presence of the rude stand and the inattention of the crowd indicated that the sale was but the prelude to another and more interesting performance to the disappointment of the man who was selling out, who would have preferred that the disposal of his goods and chattels absorb the interest of the gathering.

At the edge of the crowd, under the shade of a tree where several men were sprawled, a curious figure was to be seen, squatting on the ground. The face of the man was dark and swarthy, and, though certainly young, already wrinkled. From the broad straw hat that sat back on his head, a shock of black hair protruded and as he squatted there on lean haunches, the bobtails of his jeans coat scarcely reached the heels of his huge pot metal boots.

Spoke but Little.

His trousers, of flax and tow linen, were so short that they exposed his shins, and the hands that protruded from his short coatsleeves were large and sinewy, hands used to work, evidently, showing long, thin wrists when he lazily stretched them forth to pick up some straw from the ground. He spoke little, and he did not smile, though now and then, at some remark he made, the other men sprawling near laughed aloud. Sometimes one of these others rose, stretched, yawned boorishly, and indicating the little grocery, spoke to the young man, but he shook his head.

The auction was nearly over and there were signs of growing restlessness in the crowd. Several of the young men, some of whom wore the buckskin shirt of the pioneer class, and carried knives in their belts, began to shove one another and to engage in rough sport; their oaths and their laughter rang out, taking on a tone that was not all mirth, and as men returned from the grocery these sounds grew more sinister, and a distant note of ugliness was manifest in them. Finally, the auctioneer concluded, another man mounted the platform, and, requesting the "gentlemen" to "come to order," began to speak. The crowd for a moment was silent and gave attention, and the hot, perspiring faces that were turned up to the speaker showed the interest that political discussions always awake in Americans. But, though the man spoke louder and more loud, and though he waved his arms, and shouted, the crowd for some reason lost interest, the horse play was revived among the younger men, and soon it was evident that they were provoking a fight. In a moment there were oaths and hideous noise of fisticuffs and the political meeting was likely to be dissolved in a general fight.

Then the young man who had been squatting on his haunches under the tree slowly and awkwardly rose, slowly drew himself up to his full height, revealing a sinewy figure that towered four inches above the six-footers in the crowd. He strode forward, his swarthy face growing sterner with each long stride he took, and flung himself into the mass of fighting and scuffling men. He stretched out a long arm, parted the group, and when one of the men resisted seized him by neck and trousers and with prodigious strength literally flung him out of the crowd. Then there went up a loud laugh of applause and he pushed his way to the platform, mounted it, and, standing there above them all, flung aside his straw hat, threw back his head and with little gray eyes flashing looked out over the crowd. And suddenly, none knew why, all was still.

Then the young man spoke.

He Asks Their Votes.

"Fellow citizens, I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not it will be all the same."

Such, according to the chronicles, was the entrance of Abraham Lincoln upon the field of American politics. He was just home from the Black Hawk war, had been in Sangamon long enough to fight his way to leadership in New Salem among the Clary's Grove boys, and his stories, his kindliness, and the mysterious charm of his personality had already made him popular. It was personal ambition that led him into politics, rather than any devotion to principle. That phase was to come later, dividing his political career into two distinct epochs. Illinois was strongly Democratic; that was the year in which Andrew Jackson was elected President.

Yet Lincoln was not a Democrat. If he was not a Whig, he was, as Dennis Hanks put it, "Whiggish." Lamon regards him as having been at that time a "nominal" as distinguished from a "whole hog" Jackson man. He was an admirer of Henry Clay; indeed, he had been fascinated by the romantic figure of that dashing "Harry of the West" hero of old Graniteville days and in one of his political principles that of the gradual, compensated emancipation of the slaves he clung with unavailing almost infatuated devotion his whole life long.

On Local Issues.

In this first short campaign then, he ran on local issues, like the navigation of the Sangamon, and internal improvements, and he went about talking, telling stories, cradling in the harvest field, wrestling and fighting until election day, when he was defeated—"the only time," as he said in his "autobiography," "that I have ever been beaten by the people." But out of the 300 votes cast in New Salem, his own precinct, he received 277 and he went to work on history and law, and, with Mentor Graham, the village schoolmaster, English grammar, and with poor Jack Kelso, poetry. Next he is postmaster, carrying the mail in his hat and reading the newspapers before he delivered them; then deputy county surveyor, under John Calhoun, and in 1834 running for the legislature again. Row Herndon, at his home near Island Grove, one day introduced him to the men in the harvest field, and he offered to "make a hand"; then seizing a cradle, he swung it easily around the field, leading all the rest. But when Row Herndon introduced him to Dr. Barnett at Berlin the day after, Barnett said:

"Can't the party raise any better material than that?"

The next day, however, Barnett heard him speak, and then he affirmed, "Why, sir, he's a perfect take-in; he knows more than all of them put together!"

He was elected, and Coleman Smoot lent him the money to buy decent clothes for Vandalia. They all believed in him. He had been reading Voltaire and Paine, and Gibbon, and about the stores in the stores he was foremost in the arguments; he was a free thinker, and he wrote a monograph on "Deism." He did not just then have as much political sense as was developed later, when no man could have had more, but he had a friend, Samuel Hill, who realized the political effect of such a document and he snatched the essay from Lincoln's hand and burned it.

Learns Much at Vandalia.

At Vandalia he learned much in the old colonial courthouse which served for Statehouse too, and he learned more than in any other way, perhaps, by studying the men who were there, from old Gen. Duncan down to the latest arrival, a slim youth lately come from Vermont with 37 cents in his pocket, already a lawyer and candidate for State's attorney. When Lincoln saw this slim, ambitious youth, he laughed and pronounced him to be "the least man I ever saw," an estimate he was led later to revise when the long dramatic rivalry of twenty-eight years taught him to take better measure of Stephen A. Douglas.

The campaign of 1836 gave the Long Nine in Illinois. They traveled on horseback, and when the tall cavaliers thus took to the road it must have been, as Lamon says, "A goodly sight to see." They held meetings in groves, and these meetings were not infrequently interrupted by fights; they had "whisky sweetened with honey," pistols and knives were drawn now and then.

Across from the Statehouse at Springfield, in Capitol avenue, a little old-fashioned white frame house used to stand where the new Supreme Court building stands to-day. In 1836 that house was the residence of George Forquer, and noted, not only as the finest house in town, but for the fact that it possessed the only lightning rod that Lincoln or Springfield had ever seen. Forquer, who had been a Whig, had shortly before that campaign, changed his politics and became a Democrat, and almost simultaneously with this change he received appointment as register of the land office, with a salary of $3,000 a year. At a meeting held near Forquer's house, Lincoln spoke, and then Forquer arose, and in a superior and offensive manner, said that he "would have to take the young man down," though he was sorry that the task devolved on him. Lincoln stood by with folded arms, and when Forquer had done he mounted the platform again and this is what he said.

His Reply to Forquer.

"Mr. Forquer commenced his speech by announcing that the young man would have to be taken down. It is for you, fellow-citizens, not for me to say whether I am up or down. The gentleman has seen fit to allude to my being a young man; but he forgets that I am older in years than I am in the tricks and trades of politicians. I desire to live, and I desire place and distinction, but I would rather die now than, like the gentleman, live to see the day that I would change my politics for an office worth $3,000 a year and then feel compelled to erect a lightning rod to protect a guilty conscience from an offended God."

The "Long Nine" from Sangamon—each over six feet tall—dominated that legislature, with Lincoln as their acknowledged leader. The scheme of public improvements dazzled everybody; railroads were to be built and canals dug connecting the principal towns of Illinois, all to be paid for from the proceeds of the sale of the public lands, "without borrowing money and paying the interest on it," just as Lincoln had said. Lincoln was so enthusiastic that he told his friend Joshua Speed, that he expected to become "the De Witt Clinton of Illinois." And already a veritable master of men, with his marvelous understanding of human nature and a greater knowledge of the tricks and trades of politicians than he had admitted in his reply to Forquer—he led the chase; they put the scheme through and authorized a loan of $12,000,000. This logrolling and all the scheming of the legislature came to Lincoln wholly congenial and as a result he and his Long Nine had the State capital removed to Springfield.

And yet in this he differed from other politicians only in superiority of ... an incident occurred that gave the keynote to his whole career, the clew to his failures and then to his supreme triumph in politics.

Abolition Begins in Illinois.

The abolitionists were just then beginning to agitate Illinois and, like the pioneers in any reform they were hated, feared, ridiculed. The legislature adopted resolutions "highly disapproving" of the ...

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> **And now, when final success is obtained, which appears assured, I think the great object then to be first accomplished and to have in view, should be to bring back and restore the relationship of the several Southern States to the Union and to their original and former standing. This may be done in a spirit of conciliation, friendship, and forbearance which should characterize a generous and forgiving people.**—Interview with Charles Mason, December, 1864.

> **In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best gift which God has given man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this book. But for this book we could not know right from wrong. All those things to man are contained in it.** Receiving a Bible from colored people of Baltimore, December, 1864.

Lincoln as an Example to the Young Men of This Great Republic.

By SENATOR BEVERIDGE.

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When a man child is born into the world this should be the prayer of all who hope well for him: May he be honorable, industrious and brave.

Personally, I believe in prayer. However you work it out, whatever the reasons may be, the fact remains that tangible and definite results follow intelligent prayer. But prayer is not enough. Neither is counsel and advice. Of course, this is a bromidic commonplace, so ancient that it is tiresome, but I must state it to complete the point I am making. The ordinary human mind is so constructed that there must be the influence of example. There are few of us who can break a new path; we require some stronger one to blaze the trail for us. We see the advantage of wise counsel, but that counsel needs to be vitalized by the knowledge that some fellow human being has actually lived it and that in his living it he has proved its fruitfulness for power and success. And so it is that Lincoln's life is a practical help to young men.

I suppose that no one any longer questions the fact that the fires of ambition, which grew into a holocaust of unconquering purpose, were lit in the breast of Bonaparte by "Plutarch's Lives." It is said that he pored over them so many times that he almost knew them by heart. And no man can know how many tongues have been set, to music that thrilled and commanded great public audiences, legislative bodies, and finally the nations themselves by young men having read the old Greek's fascinating brochures on Cicero and Demosthenes.

Becomes a Type.

The truth is that every young man who has the stuff in him is searching out the lives of men who have achieved things throughout all history and is determining to do the like. "For," says the worth-while young man to himself, "what any man has done I can do," and when the young man says that he says rightly and has taken the first step to prove it. So Abraham Lincoln becomes to us as much of a type and a model as Caesar and Alexander were to Napoleon—a new type and a better model.

This is a nation of plain people—that is what Lincoln called us. He said "God must have liked the plain people, he made so many of them." Much of the vitality of this republic—all of it, perhaps—is due to the fact that up to the present time we are still near the soil and our strong men come from the grass roots. While Lincoln's life cannot be an inspiration to young men unhappily born among the idle rich and the so-called better class of our country, except in a vague, dilettante and theoretical way, his life is a perfect mold into which the young men of the plain people can pour and run their forming characters and become Lincolnesque. And that means to become honorable, industrious and brave—practical idealists, the achievers of visions, the workers out of dreams.

I find that most young men who are beginning to do things in literature, politics or business first saw the light of day in humble homes—they came up through hard conditions to the power which they now wield, and I am sure that there are a million young men on farms, in villages and among the working classes of our citizens burning with an unexpressed determination to make their lives count for something big, something sweet and helpful and satisfying. It is to such young men as this that Lincoln's life is a personal message—a divine word of guidance spoken by the mouth of God himself through the deeds and character of this mighty and beloved American.

He Knew Poverty.

For Lincoln, too, was in like case with these young men of whom I am now speaking—yes, and far worse cases. He, too, knew poverty, its bitterness, its disadvantages, its cruel hardships, and yet this poverty of which you, young man, are complaining, Lincoln turned into the gold of advantage by the alchemy of steady determination and the elemental virtues. Lincoln, too, like you, young man, had little opportunity for education—far less, indeed, than the poorest circumstances of any of you, and yet he sheer intelligence persistently applied made his lack of schooling the foundation for a real and effective learning. He, like you, young man, had no chance to acquire that polish which is supposed to come from the mingling with so-called cultured people, and yet he was wise enough to see that this polish and culture so prized by those who do not go deeply into human strength in more cases than it improves conduct. Ingersoll said a great half truth when he declared that colleges are places where brickbats are polished and diamonds are dimmed. That is not entirely true, of course. The college is not to be sneered at, even by this great master of eloquence. By all means get a college training if you can. But if you have to choose between having your energies tamed, your enthusiasms quenched, and your self-confidence honeycombed with doubt on the one hand and a college education on the other hand, turn from the latter as you would from an attractive but destroying drug. When a man loses his enthusiasm he has begun to die in soul.

I say this word to parents and to all people of mature years. If you have a ... friend, never let him lose his enthusiasm, even though it may make him appear bizarre, extravagant and grotesque. Enthusiasms are the fires that drive the engine of life; put them out and your engine may be there, a perfect machine, but motionless and without use—a thing of potential might, but after all no more than assembled scrap iron. I find that enthusiasms are the children of our faiths. Lincoln never lost his because he never lost his faith in things. He believed in things, and they were all big things. And he believed in them enough to work for what he believed in. That is one reason why he rose high above being a mere politician.

I once attended a national convention where a new propaganda of sound economic reform was proposed—a programme that has now become accepted national dogma. Yet when it was proposed it was, of course, not popular. Nine-tenths of the convention were mere politicians, there only for the purpose of nominating this man or for defeating that one, of fixing up a platform that would catch as many groups of voters as possible. Nobody except the little company of enthusiasts for the new set of principles believed in anything at all. The nominating speeches were tame, fireless—mere forms of words; they might as well have been spoken by phonographs. The accepted platform of the hour aroused not even the listening interest of the delegates who voted for it. Not one out of ten of them knew what it contained. But the other men did know what their proposed platform was. They believed in it, they fought for it, their speakers spoke with words that burned even through the low indifference of the men who unintelligently voted them down. They had Lincoln's faith, and, therefore, Lincoln's enthusiasm.

Toiled with His Hands.

But we are now speaking of the larger things of life; let us get down to the more immediate and practical. Lincoln worked—toiled, I mean, toiled physically, toiled with his hands. He did not do this because he had to. He was a poor boy, of course, had hardly enough to eat, indeed, and not enough to wear, but the whip of poverty never yet drove an unwilling young man to industry. Lincoln's father, for example, was poorer than he was, and yet he was shiftless, and what we would now call lazy. His neighbors called him "a no'-count." There has many another boy and young man placed precisely as Lincoln was who preferred to go fishing rather than systematically to labor, earning honest money as an instrument of increasing power, young men who preferred to go out and hunt wild turkeys rather than split rails or build flatboats or grub stumps. So by the impulse of industry within his blood Lincoln chose to work—work persistently and systematically. He never would have been President of the American republic if he had not done so; or, what is the noblest, the greatest humanist, excepting only Jesus, that the world has ever seen.

I have observed this curious thing—that sheer physical industry builds character quite as surely as it builds muscles. I have seen that the boy who works, develops not only physical power, but those glorious virtues of gratitude, thrift, truthfulness, and courage—not always, of course, but generally. So Lincoln's example in this regard means this to you, young man: That when you work until your tendons almost break and your hours are weary you are not only earning your wage and all that, but what is far more important, you are quite unconsciously in yourself building up and strengthening those fibers of character which will be the determining things when in a few years you meet the world and challenge it, not only for a livelihood, but for place and power.

And right here let me say that when you do meet the world, you will have to be just as strong as you can make yourself in every way if you survive the struggle with it. It is too bad, and I do not like it a bit. But the scientific truth is that the world has no more use for weaklings among human beings than the jungle has for weaklings among animals. Business and politics, and literature, and art are all looking for the strongest and best equipped—and they will have them, too. No "pull" can haul you to the higher places and keep you there—never forget that on instant.

Things to Remember.

Remember that there are hundreds of thousands of other young men who mean to have the very place of which you are dreaming. Remember that tens of thousands of these young men have physical constitutions as strong as oxen, that their muscles are like steel wires, that their lungs are like leather bellows, their stomachs unconscious of indigestion and quite able to convert parched corn into brain and brawn. Remember that their nerves are like insulated wires, able to withstand any shock, that by stress of necessity they can go for days and nights without sleep. Remember that their wills are as determined and unfaltering as the flow of ocean currents, that their minds are trained and resourceful. And finally remember, above all, that unaided triumph over years of numberless difficulties and obstacles has made them resourceful and lasting in device.

How can you expect to win in contest with this great horde of physical and mental manhood unless you are similarly trained and equipped? And I don't know how you can better be trained and equipped than by richly studying Lincoln's life and methods and following them—I mean studying, actual studying, that will make your head whirl, not a languid and comfortable reading of some incidents of this great man's years of preparation for the lofty duties which fate finally called upon him to discharge. You will find that Lincoln worked—worked all the time, that he contrived to make every step he took upward on the ladder manufacture him more than enough strength to take the next step upward.

Don't get the idea that his was a plan of grim and sullen work. He found infinite zest in it. Laughter and fun wove threads of color through the solid and ...

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> **I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is greater, perhaps, than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same divine aid which sustained him.**—Farewell address to his neighbors, February 11, 1861.

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WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE, WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

FISCAL MEASURES OF THE LINCOLN ADMINISTRATION

By HON. ALEX DEL MAR.

(Copyright, 1909, by the Chicago Tribune.)

Salmon P. Chase, Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, was the author of some of the boldest measures of finance ever undertaken by a national administration in a time of war. The principal ones were four in number: the establishment of an inconvertible currency which would not ruinously depreciate; the successful floating of nearly $2,000,000,000 of loans, the creation of a new and untried national banking system in place of a long established State banking system, and the maintenance during four years of the greatest armies and the most desperate war which the world had ever witnessed.

These measures were described to me by the author himself. It was as a financial editor that I first came to know Mr. Chase; it was as a financial officer of the government that I again met him, when he lived in E street, and it was as a financial author that, after he had been appointed to the Chief Justiceship, I discussed with him at his new residence in H street, Washington, the fiscal measures of the Lincoln administration. These conversations, therefore, nearly always turned upon the finances. They took place of evenings, in his study, when the strain of the day's work had given place to postprandial relaxation.

I recall them with the pleasure afforded by personal contact with this illustrious statesman; I cannot revert to them without also remembering his strange vicissitudes of fortune and the ingratitude or neglect of his country in not ameliorating them. Mr. Chase, after handling billions of the public money and securities, died poor and in debt. He frequently complained in private that his salary scarcely sufficed to pay his household expenses.

His Unalloyed Patriotism.

The society of Mr. Chase had long before changed my original attitude of criticism toward him into one of respect, veneration, and affection. Notwithstanding his ill timed yearnings for the Presidency, it was impossible not to be impressed with his greatness of soul, his unalloyed patriotism, and his supreme confidence, which had manifested itself from the beginning of the civil war to the end of the reconstruction period, that the Union would emerge from all its trials stronger and more glorious than ever.

Within a month or six weeks after the election of Mr. Lincoln, Howell Cobb, then Secretary of the Treasury, resigned his high office and cast his lot with the South, whereupon President Buchanan appointed Gen. John A. Dix, of New York, to fill the vacant post. After Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated as President he sent the names of his proposed Cabinet to the Senate, who confirmed them all, including that of Salmon P. Chase for Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Chase had served the country in many ways, latterly as a United States Senator and as governor of Ohio. He was a candidate for the Presidency in the Republican National Convention of 1860, and when Lincoln's nomination became imminent he threw his half a hundred votes to the winner.

The condition of the Treasury at the outset of the civil war was most deplorable. I have heard Mr. Hartley and Mr. West, both of whom had been leading officers of the Treasury for some twenty-five or thirty years, describe it with tears. The receipts from customs duties, almost the only source of revenue at that period, had fallen to $35,000,000 a year. This was less than it had been ten years previously. The entire receipts, independent of loans, were $41,500,000, just one-fourth of the present annual expenditures of New York City alone. Neither Mr. Cobb, nor Gen. Dix, nor Gov. Chase could float a few millions of United States 6 per cent bonds at par, the bankers demanding 9, 10, and even 12 per cent, with the privilege at their own option to terminate the loans at any time by paying the bonds into the Treasury as cash for customs duties.

Bankers Exported Gold.

They were not like the Doge Mocenigo, who, when Venice was threatened with war, placed his entire fortune at the service of the state, saying that if Venice fell his wealth would be of more worth to him. On the contrary, the moment trouble commenced, the metropolitan bankers made haste to export their gold, so that when Gov. Chase screwed $50,000,000 out of them they all (with one honorable exception) went bankrupt, and their "suspension" was followed by that of nearly every bank in the United States. They had openly exported $120,000,000, and as there was no penalty for omitting to report exports of "specie" they had covertly exported almost as much again. It is a fair estimate to assume that their apprehension had depleted the country of nearly $200,000,000 of coin and bullion. Mr. Lincoln and his faithful minister battled with these conditions until the situation came to mean either defeat or greenbacks. As we shall presently see, greenbacks won the day.

It is evident, both from his speeches in the Senate, the fiscal measures concerted with Mr. Lincoln, and his own earliest public consideration of the financial situation, that Mr. Chase went into the Treasury with the determination to put an end to the monetary issues of private banks incorporated by the individual States. So early as midsummer, 1861, in a letter to Vice-President Hamlin, he proposed a tax on "State" bank notes. At a later date in the same year he proposed "the organization of banking associations whose circulation should consist only of notes uniform in character, furnished by the government and secured, as to convertibility into coin, by United States bonds deposited in the Treasury." This plain intimation of the coming national bank system was issued before the New York banks suspended. What occurred after suspension is best related in Mr. Chase's own words.

Bankers Refused Bonds.

"The government even at that early time in the war was liable for over a million and a quarter a day, while the revenues did not amount to a tithe of that sum. The bankers would not accept the 6 per cent bonds of the United States at less than 20 per cent discount. In other words, the best offer I could get was at the rate of $40,000,000 in coins for $50,000,000 in bonds. To accept the notes of the suspended banks for revenues and employ them for expenditures was out of the question, both because of their irredeemability, the varying discounts at which they were current, and their inadequacy of volume. There were scarcely more than $150,000,000 of notes, and much less than the sum in coins of all kinds, circulating in the loyal States, and no mechanical or credit devices then in vogue could have sufficed to move this money fast enough to perform the ordinary exchanges and at the same time to pay into and out of the Treasury from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000 per diem. The only immediate resource was greenbacks; to be followed and gradually supplanted by a bank circulation under Federal regulation and control. We had already issued some $50,000,000 or $60,000,000 of demand notes, payable in coin and receivable for customs dues. We were now to embark upon inconvertible issues, whose value would depend solely upon their numbers or volume, their usefulness and the integrity of the government. I was well aware of the dangers which lurk behind an inconvertible currency, but the dangers in which the country stood of having to marshal an immense host for war without adequate arms, ammunition, horses, accouterments, and supplies, were even greater. The Union, which meant so much not only for Americans, but for the world at large, had to be saved. The act of February 25, 1862, was not the adoption of a permanent policy, but merely a choice of evils."

Lincoln's Ideas on Finance.

"Was Mr. Lincoln in perfect accord with you on this subject?"

"Mr. Lincoln went further than I did," he replied. "He entertained the notion that with the triumph of our arms and the restoration of peace, the strength of the government, the wealth of its resources, the extent of its trade, and the prudence of Congress in limiting the issues would be sufficient to bring the greenbacks to par, and provided they were not excessive, even to render them worth more than coin of the same denomination; in other words, that under given circumstances a dollar in irredeemable paper might be worth more than a dollar in coin. This view was supported by many eminent men in both Houses of Congress."

"It was the opinion of Ricardo, MacCulloch, Bastiat, and other economists," I suggested.

"That's all very well," rejoined Mr. Chase. "But remember that we had to deal with facts, not with hypotheses. While I might have conceded the theory, I denied that the circumstances rendered it practicable, and in this the President agreed. There was no certain way to limit the issues of inconvertible notes. Therefore, I always and upon all occasions held the convertibility of the notes in view, and if some people lost while others gained fortunes through the decline in the notes and their subsequent rise in value, it could not be helped. Fortune of war."

"You say, Judge, that the outbreak of the war the bank circulation in the loyal States was only about $130,000,000. What was it in the Confederate States?"

Bank Circulation in 1860.

"About $40,000,000 in the Southern States and $12,000,000 to $15,000,000 in the border States, making the entire paper circulation of the country about $185,000,000. We made careful inquiries on this subject, and the figures have remained strongly impressed on my memory. But a mere formal statement of the bank returns can afford no adequate idea of the deplorable condition of this paper currency. I have here a memorandum which was prepared by the Treasury for a member of Congress who took part in the debates on the subject. The whole number of banks in the United States, including those in insurrection, was 1,492, say for round figures, 1,500. According to the "banknote reporters" there were of this number only 250 whose issues were not counterfeited. The number of kinds of altered notes was no less than 3,000, of imitation, 1,860, and of spurious notes, 1,680; altogether 6,540 different kinds of bad notes. Of the genuine notes there were over 7,000 different kinds—some executed by good artists, but most of them by indifferent ones, so that it usually required no expert to determine whether a note was good or bad. Even when good, its value varied in inverse ratio to its distance from the place of issue. Some good notes of the Middle Western States were quoted in New York at only 95 per cent of their face value, and some equally good notes of the Southwestern States were quoted even lower. These notes were bought up by brokers, who sold them at a profit to the employers of labor, who in turn paid them to working men at par for wages. The working men paid them to the retailers from whom they purchased their household supplies; and the latter, in order to recoup themselves, charged 10 per cent more profit on their goods than otherwise they would have been willing to accept. The system was vicious to the last degree, and like all vicious systems, its chief burdens fell upon the poor."

"Do you remember what was the Treasury estimate of gold and silver coins in the whole country at the outbreak of the war?"

"Perfectly. The estimates varied from $250,000,000 to $300,000,000 of which $100,000,000 were held by the banks. It was out of this $100,000,000 that I borrowed $50,000,000 for the Treasury."

Question of National Bank.

"Was it, or is it, in contemplation to make the national bank system a stepping stone to a national bank of the United States?"

The judge took some time before answering this question. He rose from his chair, took a turn or two about the room, then sat down again and spoke slowly and deliberately.

"Although such was not my design I was quite conscious that such was its tendency. Was it Sully or Turgot who said that the structure of society depended largely upon its system of money? I contend that they are reciprocal; that the system of money also depends upon the social structure. Now, what is this structure of ours? The first words of the Constitution establish it beyond controversy. 'We, the people of the United States,' not the States as entities, but the people of all the States. Such a social structure is national and it inevitably demands a correspondingly national system of money. The circulation must fit the organs and vessels which are to carry it and the organs must correspond to the fluid which they are to distribute."

"My point is, judge, was the national bank system which you originated designed to bring about or to hasten this correspondence?"

"Neither one nor the other, but rather to conform to correspondence created by the Constitution, but obstructed by the growth of corporations chartered by the States and permitted to exercise the national prerogative of money."

"Permitted by whom?"

Here the judge took another turn about the room.

In Its National Capacity.

"By the circumstances which arose out of the financial vicissitudes of the revolution, permitted by a neglect and indifference that ripened into custom and prescription. When the civil war compelled the nation to act in its national capacity and especially as against some of the States themselves, the utter incongruity and the serious defects of the State banking systems at once became apparent. It was no desire to centralize power that suggested or promoted the national banking system, but simply necessity. The occasion demanded enormous resources. Our commerce was curtailed, the revenues from customs duties, the principal resource of the government, were comparatively trifling, neither the war tariff nor the internal revenue system were yet in effective operation, foreign loans were tried but failed, and the only resource adequate to the emergency was domestic loans. It was to float these that the national bank system was, I will not say designed, but framed; and the success of the measure is its best defense. Next to the patriotism of our soldiers, what enabled the war to be carried on until the Union was restored, was first the greenbacks and second the national bank system. One was as indispensable as the other. The result was that there never was a day when the Treasury was not prepared to meet all demands." Here the judge sat down again, with this triumphant conclusion—"And that, I think, is more than either Sully or Turgot could say."

Government Regulation of Currency.

"While they are obliged to admit the necessities created by the war your critics contend that the only justification for your fiscal measures was their adventitious success—in short, that they amounted to a lucky stroke and cannot be defended upon either economical or constitutional grounds. For example, they insist that the government had no constitutional power to regulate the volume of form to the requirements of trade. Of course, I only mention this in order to note your reply."

Judge Chase here crossed his legs, put up the fingers of both hands to meet in a sort of arch and replied without hesitation.

"Leaving the volume of the currency to be determined by the demands of trade," said he, "is a fallacy and was one of the defects of the State banks system. Currency is a measure of value and in order that it shall measure value with precision, certainty and equity it should, like other measures, be fixed not indeed absolutely, but in reference to some obvious, certain, and well recognized mark of trade—such, for example, as the growth of population and consumption. To regulate currency by trade itself would be like regulating the size of the bushel by the amplitude of the wheat crop. On the contrary, it is currency that should regulate trade and not trade currency, because the former can, while the latter cannot, be fixed. Money can be limited. Its tendency is to grow spasmodically until it reaches the boundaries of distance, mechanical facilities and money. Its further tendency is to expand to the boundaries of credit. In the absence of regulated money its still further tendency is to soar into the boundless realms of speculation, there to collapse into ruin and bankruptcy."

Auxiliary to Borrowing Power.

"As to the constitutional power," continued the Judge, "the fiscal measures, I will not say of mine, but of the Lincoln administration, as a whole, were proposed as an auxiliary to the power to borrow money, as an agency of the power to collect and disburse taxes, as an exercise of the power to regulate commerce, and of the power to regulate the value of coin. Of the two first sources of power, nothing need be said. The argument relating to them was long since exhausted, and is well known. Of the other two, it is not needful to say much. If Congress can prescribe the structure, equipment, and management of vessels to navigate rivers flowing between or through different States as a regulation of commerce, Congress may assuredly determine what currency shall be employed in the interchange of their commodities, which is the essence of commerce. Statesmen who have agreed in little else have concurred in the opinion that the power to regulate coin is in substance and effect, a power to regulate currency, and that the framers of the Constitution so intended. It may well enough be admitted that while Congress confines its regulation to weight, fineness, shape, and device, banks and individuals may issue notes for currency in competition with coin. But it is difficult to conceive by what progress of logic the unquestioned power to regulate coin can be separated from the power to maintain or restore its circulation, by excluding from currency all private or corporate substitutes which affect its value, whenever Congress shall see fit to exercise that power for that purpose."

"Is it a fair estimate that in 1861 there were about $200,000,000 in gold in the loyal States alone, the whole of which, with practically the exception of a small balance in the Treasury, was exported during the following year?"

Coin Was Withdrawn.

"I can only say," replied Judge Chase, "that in November, 1861, we estimated the coin in the banks and in circulation in the loyal States at $210,000,000, and that in November, 1862, the coin had been essentially demonetized and actually withdrawn from use as currency or as a basis for currency. The ignorant fears of foreign investors in national and State bonds and other American securities, and the timid alarms of numerous individuals in our own country prompted large sacrifices upon evidences of public and corporate indebtedness in our markets, and large purchases of coin for remittance abroad or hoarding at home. Taking advantage of these and other circumstances tending to an advance in gold, speculators employed all the arts of the market to stimulate that tendency and carry the premium to the highest point. That point, however, was always a fictitious one. How much of the coin withdrawn from public view was exported we had no means to determine with any precision."

"To what particular measures of administration do you especially attribute the success of the immense and oft repeated loans you negotiated in 1863 and 1864?"

"First, in the discretion which Congress reposed in the Secretary of the Treasury to choose his time for issuing greenbacks and interest-bearing legal tenders; second, to the agencies employed to secure the popular diffusion of the bonds; and, third, to the establishment of the national bank note system. I was all along opposed to any further issues of legal tenders than what were absolutely necessary.

His Sheet Anchor.

"That principle was my sheet anchor and everybody knew that I held by it and intended to hold by it so long as the cable would bear the strain. When an issue of bonds became imperative, I consulted the bankers. If they refused me, I issued such an additional amount of currency as tended to make money cheap and lower the current rates of interest to the point where the seven-thirties, sixes, or fives of the government commanded a premium. This device usually floated the loan. On one occasion, when the New York bankers hesitated, I told them that unless they accepted my terms I would go back to Washington and issue such a flood of greenbacks that it would soon cost them $1,000 to buy a breakfast. Then I got the money."

"Are you of opinion, Judge, that the rate of interest is affected by the supplies of new money?"

"Yes, but only until the new currency has entered the circulation and raised prices. Permanently, the rate of interest depends upon the profits of trade."

"What agencies were employed to secure diffusion of loans?" I asked.

"My first plan was to employ a vast number of agents in innumerable places, chiefly revenue officers and postmasters, to distribute the seven-thirties. At the outset it worked fairly well; but for reasons which need not be enlarged upon, the plan had to be abandoned. After being satisfied that the capitalists were not rich enough to take all that necessity obliged us to offer, we turned again to the people, that exhaustless and unfailing source of every kind of satisfaction. (You are, of course, aware that I was formerly a Democrat, and that Demos mean the people.)

Employs Jay Cooke.

"I employed Mr. Jay Cooke, an Ohio banker of integrity and experience, as the person, who, as far as I knew, appeared to be best qualified for the task. He was placed under adequate bonds and directed to go ahead. Of course, the Treasury lent its powerful assistance in every way that could be suggested. The successful placing of four hundred millions of 5-20s in 1868 distributed throughout the whole country not in possession of the Confederates, amply justified both the plan and the choice of an agent. I know of no parallel to this financial achievement. Meanwhile the national bank system was absorbing the loans in another direction. It began by practically sweeping away the entire State banks' circulation, converting an equal amount of capital into United States bonds and locking up the bonds in the Treasury as security for the new circulation notes; thus taking them out of the market. As the process continued, it passed beyond the boundaries of the State banks' circulation, until it absorbed several hundred millions of bonds. These various means enabled me to raise during my term of office upward of seventeen hundred millions of dollars, and this, too, while a tremendous civil war was being waged and without injuring the business or prosperity of the country. Indeed, trade, inventions, and general progress were never before and have never been since so active and beneficial."

"Judge, how do you account for the fact that the inconvertible greenback currency never fell into the ruinous condition of the continental currency, the notes of the Banque Royale (John Law's bank), or the French revolutionary assignats and mandats?"

Assured Note Payments.

Said Judge Chase: "The attitude of Congress, of the President, of the Secretary of the Treasury, in short, of the entire government, afforded the fullest assurance that the notes would be paid at their face value in coin; they were made receivable at par for bonds, the interest of which was payable in coin, a coin sinking fund was maintained; and the customs duties were always required to be paid in coin."

"But did not the high premium on gold prove that these assurances were but lightly esteemed?"

"No," replied the judge. "It is a mistake to assume that the premium on gold correctly represented the depreciation of the greenbacks or the popular estimation of the probability of their redemption in coin. The market supply of coin was not free, but largely controlled by enemies of the country abroad and by speculators at home. I could supply unquestionable evidences of the correctness of this view. Meanwhile," concluded he, with a smile, "you may accept my emphatic declaration that such was the case."

I end these few memoirs of Chief Justice Chase with a quotation from one of his communications to Congress in 1862. It seems almost prophetic.

"No early day will probably witness the reduction of the public debt to the amount required as a basis for secured circulation. Should no future wars arrest reduction and again demand expenditures beyond revenue, that day will, however, come at last. When it shall arrive the debt may be retained on low interest at that amount, or some other security for circulation may be devised, or, possibly, the vast supplies of our rich mines may render all circulation unadvisable except gold and the absolute representatives and equivalents, dollar for dollar, of gold in the Treasury, or on safe deposit elsewhere. But these considerations may be for another generation."

Yet to this day the honorable remains of this great statesman and stanch patriot lie buried in a Cincinnati graveyard, without so much as a tombstone over them. Ingratitor Roma!

Colleagues of Lincoln.

By SENATOR CULLOM.

I regarded Thaddeus Stevens as the dominating figure in the House during the war and the days of reconstruction, but there were others who became famous in American political life later. There was Voorhees, of Indiana; William B. Allison, of Iowa; James G. Blaine, of Maine, Conkling, of New York, next to whom I occupied a seat and was practically at his elbow during the fierce struggle in debate with Blaine some years later. Owen Lovejoy represented one of the Illinois districts previous to my term in the House. I was at the White House when the news of his death was brought to Mr. Lincoln and I recall the kindly manner in which he spoke of him. Lovejoy had been something of a radical in the House, and although his radicalism had in a way aided Lincoln there were times when it grew too strong for the good of the cause in hand. Speaking of Lovejoy on this occasion, Mr. Lincoln said: "He was one of the best men in Congress. If he became too radical I always knew that I could send for him and talk it over and he would go back to the floor and do about as I wanted."

LINCOLN AS AN EXAMPLE TO THE YOUNG MEN

Continued from Page One.

useful monotony of his youth and young manhood. Indeed, I think that that exuberance of life which we call joy comes only to the toiler. I have observed as I have gone along through life that luxury is usually the parent of vice, but never of happiness. The man who has tasted pate de foie gras commonly has a calloused palate which really tastes nothing at all that is normal. The blase man never has any real fun. These months and years of bitter hard work which Lincoln's example bids you do will make your daily health. Only the normal man has that true sense of proportion in which the sunshine of humor abounds.

But "keep everlastingly at it" is not the only thing that Lincoln's life teaches you young men. If that were all it taught it would be very little. It is said that there are burglars who are as steadily industrious, and all of us know of eminent but far from admirable directors of great affairs who work to the limit of strength and the point of exhaustion utterly unguided by conscience or by anything except intellect and selfishness.

Splendid Drama of Honor.

Lincoln's life is a splendid drama of honor. If you get the Lincoln spirit into your blood you could far more easily commit suicide than do a dishonorable thing—yes, even a mean thing. From the point of view of the nicest points of delicate honor Lincoln's life is finer than that of Washington, who in many other respects was a greater man than Lincoln. Perhaps of our pre-eminent and typically American public characters only Seward is the equal of Lincoln in his exquisite sense of not only large phases but also the smallest details of honor. As a practical asset it is hard to make you realize how far this goes. By being crafty another man will beat you in this trade in business, or that turn in politics; but his very successes are the gravediggers of his ultimate and permanent victory. For do you not see that by a steady and undeviating adherence to the commands of your conscience you build up a public opinion regarding yourself which is more valuable to you, even in a practical way, than gold in your coffer, or the reins of present power in your hands?

It was Lincoln's idea that conscience can be cultivated, and I think he was profoundly right in that. We all start with some degree of conscience, some of us with a great deal less than others; but by neglecting this, that, and the other to us insignificant whisperings of this moral counselor, the voice of our conscience becomes softer, more indistinct, and finally, we cannot hear it even in the largest things.

In the moral and mental philosophy which I studied in college, written by one of the great presidents of Yale University, an illustration is used which burned itself into my memory. Said this remarkably clearly written book: Neglect your conscience for a month and it becomes debased and all but extinct, cultivate it for a month and it becomes as delicate as a woman's blush.

This is just what Lincoln did. Not that he was a Miss Nancy or a fool; no! no gambler on the stock exchange was shrewder than he, no "confidence man" understood human nature more perfectly. He dealt with men as he found them; he did not go about sermonizing in season and out of season until he became a nuisance and bore. Quite the reverse. What he did was to live up to his ideal of personal honor every minute of every day, so that even his enemies—and he had hosts of them, good, hot hating, red blooded enemies—were compelled to say that "Lincoln won't lie or won't cheat; we can depend upon that."

I have found in a pretty rough and rather active life that dependability is the most to be desired, as it is the rarest quality of human character, except one, and that one I shall speak of in the next paragraph. I have known plenty of men of fine intellect and other good qualities, all of which were neutralized because they could not be depended upon.

Sheer Courage Is Needed.

But the one trait of character more to be desired than any other is sheer courage. You see I come back to the first sentence—industry, honor, and courage. They are the foundations and the keystone for every enduring arch of human life and achievement. Courage is the rarest of all of them, and from this point of view, of course, the most valuable. If Lincoln's life teaches one thing more than another, it is the value of precisely this quality of courage. There are a dozen points in his career where he could have wrecked it all by a lack of nerve. He had that kind of courage which is now most needed in American public life—the courage which makes a man perfectly willing to be defeated.

What we want is not good winners, but good losers. I mean men that are not only willing, but anxious to fight for something that is fundamentally right, knowing that they will suffer defeat in fighting for it. I find that in public life few men are willing to be upon the losing side. They want it to go out to their constituents that they have "won out," and this, no matter whether the thing in which they have won out is right or wrong. Such men may succeed in staying in office for a little while, but without any exception the final end of their cowardice is defeat, and often humiliation as well as defeat.

I do not know of another man in our history of the same caliber as Lincoln and the same chances for political advancement before him who would have made the two speeches that Lincoln made one or two years before the war, in one of which he declared that "a house divided against itself cannot stand" and in the other of which he attacked the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott. Considering the circumstances—the inflamed condition of the country and the almost inevitableness of war—those two speeches are the most daring, not to say radical, words ever spoken by a man of authority in the whole history of the republic, with the single exception of the Declaration of Independence.

Larger and Truer Things.

And again when every one of his political advisers—trained politicians, all of them—urged him not to take a certain course in his debate with Douglas, Lincoln brushed them all aside and took his stand for the larger and truer things, knowing and admitting when he did it that it meant the absolutely certain loss of the Senatorship, for which office he was then contesting with the "Little Giant." But mark, now, how "losing out" often means "winning out" some time later, for just because Lincoln deliberately lost the Senatorship to Douglas he won the Presidency. Of course, it was not a great honor to win the Presidency. All of us have come to the point where we esteem the occupant of that great office not because he holds it, but because of what he does while he holds it. Ten years of public life has completely destroyed my reverence for any position as such and firmly established my devotion to the position only as it enables its occupant to do things for the nation.

Just one other thing Lincoln's life teaches you, young man, and that is your duty to the public good. I do not know but that this is the most important immediate lesson you can learn from Lincoln's life. I am sorry to say that I have observed among many young men, especially those brought up in our cities and who attend our larger colleges, not only a neglect of but a contempt for the duties of citizenship. They hold a sneering and sarcastic attitude toward politics. They have no time for primaries or conventions; and yet they sit in their clubs and rail at an occasional debasement of local, State, or national government which they themselves do nothing to correct. More than this, they criticise and abuse those who are giving the best years of their lives to keeping our public life pure and strong. Of course, I do not expect to be in the least wise influential with this class, but I am hoping that these words will reach a good many thousands of young men in the country and in the country towns who still believe in the vitality of public virtue, and who think, as Lincoln thought, that each of us owes the best that is in us to the nation's welfare.

Obsessed by Nationhood.

All great souls have sentiment, and some master sentiment in them becomes the passion of their lives. The bigger the man the larger is the ideal with which he becomes obsessed. In the case of Lincoln it was nationhood. He felt that the hope of mankind lay in this consolidated nation of free people, working out in common a better, purer, and higher method of living than the world has ever seen. To me this is the most fascinating phase of Lincoln's life and character. Our nation, pure, free, righteous, strong, ever increasing in sheer weight of power, ever ascending to a broader and truer sense of justice. I think that to be even one little unit of the millions that go to make up such a nation is the dearest and finest privilege that ever fell to the lot of any young man. And it is yours and mine. How unforgivable in the eyes of God and in our own consciences if we fail to be worthy of it.

So this is the sum of the message which Lincoln's life pours into the soul of young men—be honorable, industrious, and brave as an individual, and so devoted to the nation that you will give your life for it, and therefore each day a portion of your time to it. Simple ideas, these, ancient, too, and trite, you will say. Yes, that is true. But so is the sunlight ancient and trite; so are the teachings of the ineffable one more than 2,000 years old by now, so is everything that is fundamentally true entirely out of date if you regard it as you do a new play or a new novel. But no matter. After all, only the eternal verities count—only those virtues which live through the ages are youthful.

Some so-called truths disappear even as they are uttered. Just as some men are old at the hour of their birth. Such truths and men are not the real truths and the real men. The real truths are those that are always youthful, the real men are those who are as vital in mind and in spirit when their bodies approach the grave as they were youthful in mind and spirit when they first encountered the world. The problem of life is youthfulness, the search for the philosopher's fountain of youth has been unending; and yet the fountain of youth for brain and heart is near to every one of us. We may drink and be immortal so far as the spirit is concerned if we be sure that the waters we quaff are those of the elemental virtues of industry, honor, and courage, and if we make certain that no pollution of unworthy expediency taints the stream of those noble ideals from which it should be our daily practice to refresh ourselves.

A SOUTHERN ESTIMATE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

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History inevitably has this much in common with snobbery, its appraisals are decisively colored by the element of success. With a diligence that is tireless it seeks out and emblazons the minutest excellencies of established achievement; it portrays negligently, if not with positive distortion, the feats and virtues of the man of the cause that goes down into defeat.

Measuring by this harsh though infallible standard, a Southerner of the later generation that is qualified to advocate without personal bias and to criticise without personal antipathy, may properly inquire.

Had the arbitrament of the '60s been reversed would not the personality of Jefferson Davis be seen to-day through a nebula of greatness verging on idolatry, and would not the personality of Lincoln have lost much of the distinction made familiar by reiterated narrative and generous and reverential analysis?

The question is essentially pertinent as laying a basis for the logical hypothesis that had fate sent Lincoln from his birthplace in Kentucky into the South and Davis from his birthplace in Kentucky into the North, and had each been identified in their respective capacities as leaders of either side in the epochal conflict, the ultimate issue of the latter would in nowise have been amended. The triumph of the Federal arms might have been hastened, it might have been delayed, but its eventual scope and finality would not have been altered.

Confederacy Was Predoomed.

The Confederacy was predoomed by five vital deficiencies:

1. The necessity of creating and organizing a government before even the first steps in administration could be undertaken.
2. Overwhelming numerical inferiority.
3. Isolation during the larger part of the struggle.
4. Absence of command of munitions and resources.
5. The virtually absolute agricultural nature of its pursuits, precluding the recruiting of supplies from its eternal economy.

These, it will be seen, are all physical disadvantages. After the voice of the quibbler and the partisan has been silenced they will be admitted to furnish sufficient explanation of the failure of the Confederacy and, unavoidably, the historical discrediting of Jefferson Davis.

Mr. Davis was as well equipped as any Southerner of his day to deal with this fatally unpromising combination. His education at West Point, his civil and public life in Mississippi, his military achievements in the Mexican war, his service as Secretary of War in the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce, and his record as United States Senator from his own State unanswerably illustrated in him breadth of vision, military and political ability, and acknowledged statesmanship.

An impartial analysis of his career as Confederate Executive will demonstrate that he met each crisis with coolness, devotion, and capability. If actually party to or nominally responsible for egregious errors in strategy or administration, it should not be forgotten that the Federal authorities were guilty of blunders regarded as equally irreparable until disguised by the all extenuating excuse of victory.

As Financier and Statesman.

The burden of competent evidence is that his fiscal, administrative, and military policies were as wide visioned, keen, and comprehensive as permitted by tragic poverty of resource and the exactions of a de novo government. The fullness of time has likewise acquitted him of the indictments of arrogance and intolerance brought by disaffected elements of his own people. He is now conceded to have been universally kind, forbearing, and sacrificial in his personal relations.

Mr. Davis' statesmanship has been assailed on the ground that his instructions to his Hampton Roads commissioners were so inflexible that the South lost the chance for remuneration for its slaves. This point will probably remain always in contention, though it is insignificant that the frequent subsequent efforts of Lincoln to bring the North to compensated emancipation were of no avail.

Jefferson Davis cannot be challenged in the matter of patriotism. His every public and private attitude, including his farewell speech in the United States Senate, attests his conscientious energy to avert war and the opposition to disunion. His purity of motive can no more be impeached than that of many distinguished men who to-day view the subordination of State sovereignty with misgiving. He was the embodiment of the honest doctrine of the supremacy of the integral State, the decades of agitation over which had finally reached the stage when it was responsive to no court save that of armed force.

He was as patriotic and devoted, from his angle, as Lincoln, though we believe to-day he could not approximate the latter's masterful political ability, his faculty for commanding co-operation, and his genius for patience.

Both men were intrinsically and potentially great. Omniscience allotted to one the theater of foreordained success for the development and perpetuation of his magnitude, to the other a role equally constructive, for the ultimate legacy of the civil war is a reunited and invincible America.

CLARK HOWELL.

Atlanta, Ga., January 1, 1909.

LINCOLN'S RELATIONS WITH CONGRESS IN '61.

By SHELBY M. CULLOM.

Congress, in the days of Lincoln, was a conservative, hard working body. Jealous of its prerogatives, just as it has always been, but there was far more intense excitement, bitter feeling, and general interest in Congress than there is to-day. President Lincoln was freely criticised; he had bitter opponents in Congress, as he had outside; but there were others who, with the great majority of the people, placed implicit faith in him and felt certain that he would carry the country through the awful crises and eventually save the Union. This was especially true among those who knew him best. With the war dragging its bloody trail the entire length of his administration, the national credit poor, taxes mounting upward, problems innumerable only to be solved by Congress, it can be readily seen that it was exceedingly important that the President should know intimately and judge correctly the men whose support he must seek in nearly every project he was called upon to undertake. Lincoln did know his men. There was never a President of the United States who could so well and so correctly judge men as Abraham Lincoln, and he was seldom, if ever, mistaken in his judgment.

I called upon him at the White House a few months before he was assassinated and a short time after my election as a member of the House of Representatives. I had been visiting in Washington, and spent considerable time around Congress, talking with members and Senators, and it seemed to me that scarcely any of the strong men were in favor of the President. I was greatly impressed and concerned on account of the number of adverse criticisms I had heard. Before leaving Washington I called upon the President and I asked him: "Mr. Lincoln, do you allow anybody to talk to you about yourself?" He said "Certainly, sit down." I told him that I wanted to talk with him a little about what I had seen and heard around Congress since coming here, and said that it seemed to me that most of the strong men were against him. He replied with a smile, "It is not quite so bad as that," and with that he took up a copy of the Congressional Directory, with the remark that there were many Congressmen on his side, and turning to the list of Senators and Representatives, he went over it for my benefit. I saw that nearly every name was marked, and as he went down the list he commented on each, as, for instance: "This man is for me," "The best friend I have," "He's not for me now, but I can win him over," and so on. I found that he knew almost positively how every man stood, and the great majority of them were for him.

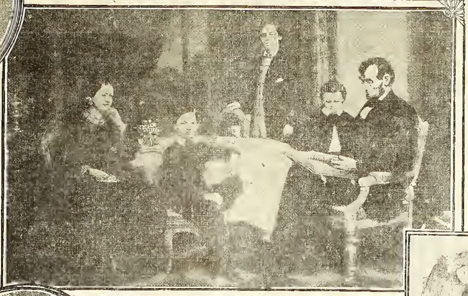
It was an interesting catalogue of personal characteristics, and I knew then that Abraham Lincoln's habit of studying men had not lapsed when he went to Washington, and I saw, too, that he had a perfect knowledge of Congress and its personnel.

I well recall a comment I heard him make, concerning James G. Blaine, who was then in the House. Blaine had made a speech that day that had attracted attention. Lincoln said of him: "Blaine is one of the rising young men of our country," an assertion which succeeding years proved to be true.

To Lincoln was given but a glimpse of the promised land. He lived to see the power of rebellion broken, but was sent to his eternal reward before he saw the authority of the Union established in all the rebellious States. He was permitted to go up into the mountain, Nebo, and to catch a glimpse of the promised land of a restored nation, but his weary feet were not permitted to cross the border that separated it from the wilderness of civil war.

His Love and Family

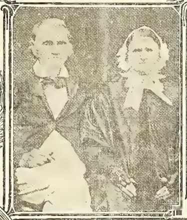
Mary Owen


Abraham Lincoln and His Family

Lincoln and His Son Thomas. Known as "Tad"

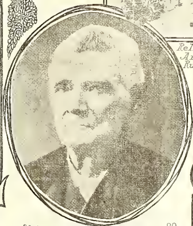
Levi Lincoln, Governor of Massachusetts from 1825 to 1834

Mary Todd Lincoln, Wife of Abraham Lincoln


Joseph Hanks the Carpenter and His Wife Mary

Relics of Ann Rutledge

Robert Todd Lincoln, in War Times


Dennis Hanks Lincoln's Early Tutor

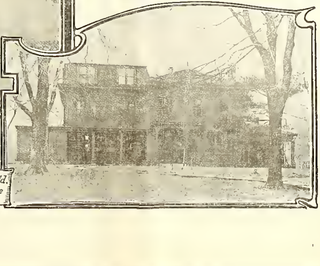
Sarah Bush Lincoln

The Reverend Charles Dresser Who Married Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd

Grave of Sally Ann Lincoln Abraham's Sister (Marked With Flag)

General Benjamin Lincoln

Mary Ann Rutledge, Mother of Ann Rutledge


Edward's Home, Springfield, Where the Lincolns Were Married

WHEN WESTERN POLITICS WERE YOUNG AND VIRILE

Continued from Page One.

formation of abolition societies and the "doctrines promulgated by them." The resolutions were as popular as internal improvements had been, but Lincoln—now that a moral principle was at stake—would not support them, and he drew up a protest, diplomatically worded, it is true, and yet bold enough to declare that "the institution of slavery is founded on both injustice and bad policy." He signed it and he was able to induce one other of the "Long Nine," Dan Stone, to sign it, and so had it entered on the journal of the house for March 3, 1837.

He had meanwhile been admitted to the bar, and now he moved to Springfield to practice law, leaving New Salem, soon to vanish from the earth, leaving his good old friends—Squire Bowling Green, before whom he had tried his first case, who had loaned him money and redeemed his surveying instruments when they were levied on, and nursed him when he was sick and crazed by grief, Mentor Graham, who had taught him grammar, Jack Kelso, the idler, who wandered up and down the Sangamon and in the woods, and had introduced him to Burns and Shakspeare—and in the graveyard, poor Anne Rutledge, whom he had loved and lost.

Admits His Responsibility.

In 1838 the internal improvement bubble having burst, Lincoln took his place with Douglas, McClernand, and Shields among "the spared monuments of popular wrath," as Gov. Ford called them, and went back to the legislature, frankly admitting his own "share of the responsibility in the present crisis," and owning himself "no financier," as, indeed, he was not, then or ever.

In the campaign of 1840, the rollicking year of "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," Lincoln, running again for the legislature, was also a candidate on the Whig electoral ticket—he was always a candidate for elector—and had the first of his many encounters with Douglas, who was running for elector on the Democratic ticket. His encounters with Douglas then, as always, were verbal, and were destined to become oratorical and so roll like thunder down the history of the world, but he had others that year that were personal, like the celebrated one with Col. Dick Taylor.

Col. Taylor, like some Democrats of a later day, was more democratic in theory than in practice; he was a pompous gentleman, "who went abroad in superb attire, ruffled shirts, rich vest, and immense watch chain, with shining splendid pendants." He was strong in denunciation of aristocrats, particularly the Whig aristocrats, and at one of the joint engagements he denounced Lincoln as an aristocrat. At this the young man began "to feel devilish," and while the colonel was sweeping along in his harangue Lincoln slyly approached him and, suddenly jerking open his waistcoat, revealed to the yeomanry splendid starched ruffles, gold chains, and seals, and when the colonel had retired amid jeers and laughter Lincoln, in his high tenor voice, said:

His Buckskin Breeches.

"While Col. Taylor was making these charges against the Whigs, riding in fine carriages, wearing ruffled shirts, kid gloves, massive gold watch chains, with large gold seals, and flourishing a heavy gold headed cane, I was a poor boy, hired on a flatboat at $8 a month, and had only one pair of breeches—and they were buckskin. If you know the nature of buckskin when wet and dried by the sun, it will shrink—and my breeches kept shrinking until they left several inches of my bare legs between the tops of my socks and the lower part of my breeches; and while I was growing taller, they were becoming shorter, and so much tighter that they left a blue streak around my legs that can be seen to this day. If you call this aristocracy, I plead guilty to the charge."

On another occasion he defended his friend, Edward D. Baker, the orator and soldier who was to fall at Ball's Bluff. Baker was speaking one night to a crowd in a room directly under the law office of Stuart and Lincoln, and Lincoln, sprawling on his own floor, was listening to the argument through a trap door—so the story unconvincingly runs. The crowd, incensed by Baker's assaults on the Democrats, rushed forward to "pull him down," when suddenly Lincoln's long legs dangled from the ceiling, and, dropping to the platform through the trap door, he seized the great white water pitcher from which in those days as in these orators slake their insatiable thirst, and, brandishing it at the end of his long arm, he cried:

Water Pitcher for Weapon.

"Hold on! This is the land of free speech! Mr. Baker has a right to speak and ought to be heard. I am here to protect him, and I'll break this pitcher over the head of the first man who interferes!"

And then and there was the triumph destined to live long in the political annals of Sangamon as "the skinning of Thomas." Jesse B. Thomas was a Democrat, and in one of his stump speeches he made a vigorous attack on the "long nine," and on Lincoln especially. While the speech was in progress one of those considerate friends who are ever alert to carry ugly news hurried out to find Lincoln, who presently appeared at the meeting and asked to be heard in reply. Of course the crowd was delighted, and it was more delightful when Lincoln, utilizing his remarkable talent for mimicry, imitated Thomas in all his peculiarities of voice and gesture and manner. The crowd roared with delight, and, carried away with his triumph, Lincoln went on and on, and visited upon his critic such vengeance of bitter sarcasm and scathing ridicule and mordant humor that poor Thomas actually gave way to tears and wept.

It was a triumph of which Lincoln was soon ashamed, and his gentleness and his pity, so near to love, and the humor and the melancholy in him led him to hunt up his victim and implore forgiveness.

"Now, if you hear any one say that Lincoln don't want to go to Congress," we find him writing to his friend R. S. Thomas, at Virginia, Ill., on February 14, 1843, "I wish you, as a personal friend of mine, would tell him you have reason to believe he is mistaken. The truth is I would like to go very much. Still, circumstances may happen which may prevent my being a candidate. If there are any who be my friends in such an enterprise what I want to know is that they will not throw me away just yet."

Was Living Frugally.

He was living frugally with his young wife—whose political lampoons two years before had involved Lincoln in a dueling scrape with State Auditor James Shields, the "gallant, hot headed bachelor from Tyrone County"—and he had long had an eye on the Congressional nomination. He might have had the Whig nomination for governor in 1841, but after his experience with the internal improvement scheme he had lost ambition to become the De Witt Clinton of Illinois. Perhaps his wife had something to do with it; she, too, was ambitious and had aspirations toward Washington. The ambitions of the young Mrs. Lincoln may, indeed, have had the effect of delaying their own fulfillment. She was a Todd, kin to the Edwardses, and an Episcopalian besides, and to the people these rendered her an aristocrat—doubtless much to her satisfaction. But not to Lincoln's satisfaction, for he was the most fundamentally democratic man who ever lived in America and must have been annoyed by such a charge, if, indeed, his beautiful gift of humor had not saved the situation to him, as it saved all situations in a life that he viewed humorously through tears.

In 1843 there were four candidates in the Springfield district—Lincoln, Edward D. Baker, Stephen T. Logan, his law partner, and John J. Hardin. It was said that the four reached an agreement by which they were to have the honor in turns, but the agreement may have been assumed from the fact that they did "rotate" in the office. But Lincoln's letters tell the story. In March, 1843, he wrote Speed:

"We had a meeting of the Whigs of the county here on last Monday to appoint delegates to the district convention, and Baker beat me and got the delegation instructed to go for him. The meeting, in spite of my attempt to decline it, appointed me one of the delegates, so that in getting Baker the nomination I shall be fixed a good deal like the fellow who is made groomsman to a man that has cut him out and is marrying his own dear girl."

Tells of His Defeat.

Then he wrote to another friend, over in Menard County, telling how he had been defeated: "It is truly gratifying to me to learn that while the people of Sangamon have cast me off, my old friends of Menard, who have known me longest and best, stick to me. It would astonish, if not amuse, the older citizens to learn that I (a strange, friendless, uneducated, penniless boy, working on a flatboat at ten dollars per month) have been put down here as the candidate of pride, wealth, and aristocratic family distinction. Yet so, chiefly, it was. There was, too, the strangest combination of church influence against me. Baker is a Campbellite, and therefore, as I suppose, with few exceptions, got all that church. My wife has some relations in the Presbyterian churches and some with the Episcopalian Church, and, therefore, wherever it would tell, I was set down as either the one or the other, while it was everywhere contended that no Christian ought to go for me, because I belonged to no church, was suspected of being a deist, and had talked about fighting a duel. With all these things, of course, Baker had nothing to do, nor do I complain of them."

But as it turned out, neither Baker nor Lincoln was nominated. The convention at Pekin named instead Hardin, of Morgan, who was elected.

A change in the time of holding the Congressional elections brought on another campaign the following year, 1844, and then Baker was nominated, Lincoln publicly declaring in his favor. Lincoln himself was on the Whig electoral ticket, and campaigned vigorously for the idol of his youth, Henry Clay. The defeat of Clay was a bitter disappointment to him, as it was to all good Whigs, but Lincoln did not brood long over the disaster; he went to work in his quiet, altogether efficient way, pulling wires for the Congressional nomination in 1846. Hardin and Baker, both having enjoyed the honor, the choice seemed to lie between Lincoln and Logan, and when the convention met at Petersburg on May 1, 1846, Hardin withdrew and Logan presented Lincoln's name to the convention.

Peter Cartwright Opposed Him.

Lincoln's opponent on the Democratic ticket was old Peter Cartwright, the pioneer Methodist preacher, who made a campaign against Lincoln as vigorous as any of his camp meeting "revivals" had ever been. All the old charges of "aristocracy" were brought out, a too temperate temperance speech was revealed, and Cartwright, of course, made much of the charge of deism. But Lincoln was elected.

When he went to Washington in December, 1847, the Mexican war was on, and for the second time in his political career he had to choose between principle and expediency. Throughout his whole career he was ever the man to choose an expedient if it would possibly answer; he was just and fair and compromising, and he was an intelligent opportunist, he would never have got through the civil war if he had not been, but, though he might compromise with men, he would not compromise with principle. His constituents were all for the war, right or wrong; but Lincoln knew the war to be wrong, and said so, and he wrote to Herndon justifying his course.

Fought in the Open.

It was the "Spot" resolutions that did it; that famous and masterly interpellation of Polk's administration which Polk never answered and never could have answered, and he delivered a speech in support of the resolutions which told against him at home. Though he had thought of renomination, and would have liked to be returned, he chose not to "skulk," and he would rather "vote for the truth than for a lie." Thus he was not renominated, and in keeping with the agreement—if there was an agreement—Logan in 1848 was named. But Lincoln's course as to the war had been fatal not only to him, but to the party, and Logan was defeated.

Lincoln tried to obtain appointment as Commissioner of the General Land Office, and failed. Then he was offered the position of governor of the Territory of Oregon, but, fortunately for him, fortunately for the nation, fortunately for humanity, Mrs. Lincoln put her foot down and said "No," and he went back to Springfield a disillusioned, saddened, and disappointed man. He had desired place, and power, and distinction, and had sought them for himself in the political field, and they had not come. Twice his principles had held him back from drifting with the popular tide—once at Vandalia, once at Washington. The experience at Vandalia had not injured his prospects; the experience at Washington had, and, as he thought, ruined them, and he took his old saddlebags and mounted his horse to go out on the circuit with Judge Davis' court, resolved to abandon politics and be resigned to the obscurity of a county lawyer in muddy Illinois.

One morning in May, in the year 1854, Judge T. Lyle Dickey awoke in his room at a tavern where the lawyers in the old Eighth circuit were staying, and saw, in the early morning light, the gaunt figure of Lincoln sitting up in his bed. The noble head, with its shock of disordered black hair, was held in the strong, beautiful hands—the hands that had worked so hard, the hands that had such heavy toil to do.

"I tell you, Dickey," Lincoln exclaimed, when he saw his roommate was awake, "this nation cannot exist half slave and half free."

Takes Up the Argument.

Then Dickey remembered that they had been arguing about slavery when they went to bed the night before. Lincoln, indeed, had argued with the lawyers in front of the tavern all evening, he talked of nothing else. For the news of the Kansas-Nebraska bill had just come, and Lincoln was aroused as he had never been roused before. And he had thought all these years on the circuit that he had given up politics!

He had been from youth intensely ambitious, had aspired to personal distinction, place, and power. He had tried, and he had failed. His ambitions had been personal, in a sense selfish. He had longed to rule; he was to learn now that the highest privilege is to serve. He had looked with a glance one does not like to think of as jealous—though intensely human, he was too great to cherish the baser passions—on Douglas, slowly mounting to fame, who now had helped repeal the Missouri compromise!

He became more serious, more solitary than he had ever been before, and as he went about the circuit a new and lofty spirit seemed to brood over him working a mighty change. He had found, at last, his work, he was no more to strive for his own personal advancement, his ambitions took a nobler and a higher sweep, and he lost himself wholly in a cause, a cause to live for, to suffer for, and to die for. And that hour marked the dawn of the new epoch, of the second phase of his political life.

In the Death Grapple.

Douglas came home that fall to face an angry constituency, to face Lincoln and a death grapple from which Lincoln was never to release him until he had overthrown him. Douglas went to Springfield and to the State fair, then, as now, the autumnal rendezvous and maneuvering ground of the politicians, and spoke to thousands. On October 4 Lincoln replied at the Statehouse, and the speech astonished even the most devoted of his friends. The anti-Nebraska men were delighted, and the radical abolitionists at once arranged a meeting of all "the friends of liberty," at which they decided to ask Lincoln to speak. Herndon, radical as any of them, knew how dangerous this would be to Lincoln's political prospects and he sent Lincoln word "to take Bob and drive somewhere into the country and stay there till this thing is over." Lincoln lost no time, got out his buggy, and with Bob drove over into Tazewell County where Davis was holding court on one of those pieces of important business that always serve lawyers in emergencies.

But he did not let go of Douglas. The Little Giant replied, and Lincoln went over to Peoria and rejoined on him and the great debate began. Douglas proposed a truce, which Lincoln in his abundant good nature agreed to, and it was arranged that neither of them should speak again in that campaign. It was like Douglas on his way home to Chicago to stop at Princeton and deliver a long address, although he found an excuse for doing so as he could find an excuse for doing anything.

Lincoln saw a chance to become Senator and though against his will, he was elected to the legislature that fall, 1854, he resigned in order to devote himself to the Senatorial canvass. "I have really got it into my head to try to be a United States Senator," he wrote to a friend, "and if I could have your support my chances would be reasonably good. I should like to be remembered affectionately by you; and also to have you make a mark for me with the anti-Nebraska members down your way." By the time the legislature convened he wrote Washburne that he had "more committals than any other man," but he did not have enough. He had forty-four on the first ballot, and Shields forty-one, while Lyman Trumbull, the anti-Nebraska Democrat, had five. The anti-Nebraska men, however, would not go to Lincoln, and Lincoln urged his followers to vote for Trumbull, and he was elected. He was defeated again, but personal defeats were nothing to him now, it was only the cause for which he cared, and he knew the struggle was but begun.

Bloomington Convention.

On May 19, 1856, there was held at Bloomington a State convention of all opponents of "anti-Nebraska legislation." It

> **Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away.**
>
> **Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said 3,000 years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."**
>
> **With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and for his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.**—Second inaugural address, March 4, 1865.

was an enthusiastic gathering of anti-Nebraska Democrats, Whigs, Free Soilers, and Abolitionists, and there were ringing resolutions and a formal organization of the Republican Party in Illinois. When the hour for speeches came from all over the hall there were cries for Lincoln. He was in the rear, leaning against the wall and he went forward, mounted the platform and soon was in the full tide of a speech that so charmed and transfixed his audience that every one sat spellbound, the reporters forgot to take it down. He spoke with the fire and passion of some old prophet, spoke as one inspired, as indeed he was inspired with the holy cause of liberty. One who was there said that as he spoke he was "the handsomest man I ever saw." It was an inadequate characterization doubtless; surely he was transfigured and more than handsome. The tenor of his speech was "Kansas Shall Be Free" and he concluded a dramatic burst by crying out, "We will say to the Southern disunionists we won't go out of the union and you shan't!"

Masses Were Absent.

When he got back to Springfield he and Herndon called a mass meeting to ratify the action of the State convention but as with other mass meetings called in behalf of the masses the masses did not attend. But three persons went—John Pain, William H. Herndon, and Abraham Lincoln. He was disappointed and perhaps disgusted, but his divine sense of humor came splendidly to his rescue and rising to address the mass meeting, he said:

"This meeting is larger than I knew it would be, for while I was sure that Herndon and I would attend, I was not sure of any one else, and yet the other man has been found brave enough to come out."

Then he passed from gay to grave, and said solemnly.

"While all seems dead, the age itself is not. It liveth as surely as our Maker liveth. Under all this seeming want of life and motion, the world does move, nevertheless. Be hopeful, and now let us adjourn and appeal to the people."

The age was not dead. He was recognized as the new champion of the old cause; in the Republican national convention at Philadelphia he received 110 votes for Vice-President, and on June 16, 1858, the Illinois Republicans resolved that "the Hon. Abraham Lincoln is our first and only choice for United States Senator."

With the adoption of that resolution Abraham Lincoln, after twelve years, was once more a nominated candidate for an office he longed to win. But now there was a difference; he no longer cared so much for himself as he did for his cause; it was that which had aroused him; it was that which called him, that which he lived for and followed now. He brought to the contest all his old political sagacity, skill, and cunning, but now these were to be employed, not that he himself, but that the great cause itself might win. In the great debate he was full of humor, as always, but he was kind, mild, patient. No more "skinning of Thomas" now!

His Lofty Course.

"Take no thought for the political fate of any man whomsoever," he said, "but come back to the truths that are in the Declaration of Independence. You may do anything with me you choose, if you will but heed these sacred principles * * * While pretending no indifference to earthly honors, I do claim to be actuated in this contest by something higher than an anxiety for office. I charge you to drop every petty and insignificant thought for any man's success. It is nothing; I am nothing; Judge Douglas is nothing. But do not destroy that immortal emblem of humanity—the Declaration of Independence."

This lofty course he held to the end not only of that campaign, but to the end of his life. His sad, gentle gray eyes looked beyond the range of vision of all those around him, and as with the "house divided against itself" speech, so with that famous and momentous second question at Freeport, upon which the fate of the whole debate, and even of the nation itself turned, he held his own counsel against the advice of friends and followers. "The battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this," he said simply. And he was right. That question lost him the Senatorship, as he knew it would, but it won the battle of 1860 and it saved America to liberty and humanity. He was defeated again—but as had happened every time in his career when he was defeated, it was because he preferred principle to immediate success; it was victory disguising itself as defeat. Thus he had grown from a politician of personal ambition to a statesman who longed only to serve and save humanity—thus he became, as Walt Whitman says, "the grandest figure yet on all the crowded canvas of the nineteenth century."

BRAND WHITLOCK.

LINCOLN'S LAST REVIEW OF AN ARMY CORPS

By LIEUT. COL. J. A. WATROUS, Retired.

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President Lincoln, one or two members of his Cabinet and Gens. W. T. Sherman and George G. Meade were at Gen. Grant's headquarters, City Point, Va., the night of March 24, 1865. Before daylight the morning of the 25th, Gen. John B. Gordon's large Confederate force surprised the Ninth Corps in front of Petersburg, captured Fort Sheridan, and many prisoners before he was checked and driven back with great loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners. The attack was one of the most daring and skillful made on either side in the great war. Had it been successful the Army of the Potomac would have been cut in two and undoubtedly great disaster would have come to the Union cause.

The Second, Fifth, and Sixth Corps were immediately ordered under arms to be ready to move to the aid of the Ninth Corps should it need help. The Fifth Corps had marched three miles in the direction of the battle when an aid informed Gen. Warren, the commander, that the enemy had been repulsed, and directed him to halt and hold his command in readiness for action.

Soon after noon Gen. Warren was ordered to march his corps to a large field near Yellow Tavern and prepare it for review by President Lincoln.

Go to City Point.

The President, Gen. Meade, and a cabinet minister left City Point on a special for Petersburg while the battle was still on. The train was met by an ambulance in which the President, Mr. Seward, and Col. Ruggles, of Meade's staff, were seated for a ride over the battlefield. Mr. Lincoln asked many questions, and among them, "What would have happened if Gen. Lee had won and pushed his army through the Union army?" "I think you would have been hurried down the James river and to Washington to escape capture," said Ruggles. "Not as bad as that, I hope, for I'm getting a good rest with the army." He asked to be driven to the field, where there were three or four thousand Confederate prisoners. Among the prisoners were many colored men, servants, cooks, hostlers, &c. Mr. Lincoln viewed the men in gray for a moment and broke the silence with, "Yes, colonel, there they are, in black and white."

When the Fifth Corps was paraded for review aids were sent along the line to give final instructions and let the troops know who was going to review them.

The announcement that Mr. Lincoln was coming to look them over just before the spring campaign was to open, brought forth a roar of cheers, such as only men of a seasoned army can give. One of the orders was that each brigade should stand at "present" until the President had passed it, and then come to an "order," after which, at the call of the brigade commander, three cheers and a "tiger" were to be given for the commander-in-chief.

Reviews the Troops.

The ambulance had been exchanged for a fashionable two horse open carriage before reaching our corps. The President sat in the end of the seat nearest the soldiers. Tad, his youngest son, a little fellow, rode a black pony close to the carriage. The reviewing party, which consisted of the President, Gen. Meade, Secretary Seward, and little Tad Lincoln, rode about two rods in front of the troops, thus giving us a good chance to see our great commander-in-chief at close range and him an opportunity to look into the faces of men who for nearly four years had been helping him to preserve the Union.

There were twelve brigades in the corps and about 25,000 soldiers, the most of whom had fought at Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, with Grant from the Wilderness down through Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Cold Harbor to Petersburg, and from there to Weldon Railroad and Hatcher's Run.

As the President's carriage approached the right of a brigade the commander gave the commands "Attention!" "Shoulder, arms!" "Present, arms!" Slowly, with his high hat held in his left hand, the President passed down the line to the brigade's left, his eyes seemingly glued on the bronze faces before him. Then came these commands: "Shoulder, arms!" "Order, arms!" "Now, all together, three cheers for the President." Some of the commanders amended this by calling for cheers for "Father Abraham." One called for cheers for "Uncle Abe, the man we'll stand by until the war is over—the man we love."

How the sober, sorrowful face brightened when he heard those soldiers give cheers he knew there was loyal hearts in—cheers that meant something, not pumped up applause.

Down past the twelve brigades rode the dear old President, each one paying him the highest honor it could on a review.

Scene an Impressive One.

How vivid the scenes come back to me, down through the nearly forty-four eventful years since that impressive war event—since Lincoln's last review of the army corps. I had seen him in three other reviews—at Bailey's Cross Roads, a few miles out from Washington, after Antietam, and opposite Fredericksburg—but they had not impressed me as the last one did. During the review an artillery duel between the contending armies began. Scores of cannon roared, the white clouds from exploding shells hung all along the Second corps' front, and some of the flying pieces sang saucy songs for the reviewer and the reviewed.

As the President's carriage completed the drive, wheeled, and the horses started in a rapid trot on the return trip to Gen. Meade's headquarters, Gen. Warren's 25,000 soldiers, from major generals to the newest recruit, broke out in cheers without orders, and they kept it up until Mr. Lincoln had passed the last brigade. Most of the time the President was standing, waving his hat, and smiling. What a happy event it was. What a joyous parting.

Four days later the closing campaign of that army began, two weeks from that closing review came Appomattox, five days from Appomattox came the assassination. How fondly he and his soldiers were looking for the end of the war which then seemed so near. But the end found a million fighting men in mourning, most of them weeping like children at a parent's grave, because their great, wise, brave, loving leader was not rejoicing with them.

One more incident of the never-to-be-forgotten review should be mentioned. One of the companies of a western regiment contained a crazy man who never missed a march or battle, but he was sure to do strange and out of the place things. As the President's carriage was opposite this company the crazy man left the ranks and fairly flew to the carriage and when it stopped he dropped to his knees and began to pray to Mr. Lincoln. His captain rushed after him and was about to pull him to his feet when Mr. Lincoln raised his hand and said: "Never mind, captain, it may comfort him and does not bother me."

CRITICAL PERIOD IN THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

By HORACE WHITE.

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The critical period in the life of Abraham Lincoln and in the history of the United States was embraced in the four months succeeding his election as President. It is the commonly accepted belief that in this interval he was the chief barrier against any surrender of the principles upon which he had been elected. This belief is well founded. If he was a barrier at all he must have been the principal one, because he alone could keep all the other barriers erect and firm, while if he failed none of the others would have been of any avail whatever.

At Springfield, Ill., on November 20, 1860, there was a celebration of the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, at which speeches were made by Senator Trumbull, John M. Palmer, and Richard Yates. Mr. Lincoln had been urged to say something at this meeting that would tend to quiet the rising surges of disunion at the South, but he thought that the time for him to speak had not yet come. He wished to let his record speak for him, and to see whether the commotion in the slave-holding States would increase or subside. Meanwhile he desired that the influence of this public meeting at his home should be peaceful and not irritating. To this end he wrote the following words and privately handed them to Trumbull, and asked him to make them a part of his own speech:

"I have labored in and for the Republican organization with entire confidence that whenever it shall be in power each and all of the States will be left in as complete control of their own affairs, respectively, and at as perfect liberty to choose and employ their own means of protecting property and preserving peace and order within their respective limits as they have ever been under any administration. Those who have voted for Mr. Lincoln have expected and still expect this, and they would not have voted for him had they expected otherwise. I regard it as extremely fortunate for the peace of the whole country that this point upon which the Republicans have been so long and so persistently misrepresented, is now brought to a practical test and placed beyond the possibility of a doubt. Disunionists per se are now in hot haste to get out of the Union, precisely because they perceive they cannot much longer maintain an apprehension among the Southern people that their homes and firesides and lives are to be endangered by the action of the Federal government. With such 'Now or Never' is the maxim. I am glad of the military preparations in the South. It will enable the people the more easily to suppress any uprisings there which those misrepresentation of purposes may have encouraged." These words were incorporated in Mr. Trumbull's speech and were printed in the newspapers, and the manuscript in Lincoln's handwriting is still preserved.

Letters to Trumbull.

The following letters from Lincoln throw light on the attitude toward compromise after the election:

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 10, 1860.—Hon. L. Trumbull.—My Dear Sir: Let there be no compromise in the question of extending slavery. If there be all our labor is lost, and ere long must be done over again. The dangerous ground—that into which some of our friends have a hankering to run—is popsor. Have none of it. Stand firm. The tug has to come; and better now than any time hereafter. Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN, MS.

(CONFIDENTIAL.)

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 17, 1860.—Hon. Lyman Trumbull.—My Dear Sir: Yours inclosing Mr. Wade's letter, which I herewith return, is received. If any of our friends do prove false and fix up a compromise on the territorial question, I am for fighting again—that is all. It is but repetition for me to say I am for an honest enforcement of the Constitution—fugitive slave cause included.

Mr. Gilmer, of N. C., wrote me and I answered confidentially, inclosing my letter to Gov. Corwin, to be delivered or not as he might deem prudent. I now inclose you a copy of it. Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN, MS.

(CONFIDENTIAL.)

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 21, 1860.—Hon. Lyman Trumbull.—My Dear Sir: Thurlow Weed was with me nearly all day yesterday and left at night with three short resolutions which I drew up, and which or the substance of which, I think would do much good if introduced and unanimously supported by our friends. They do not touch the territorial question. Mr. Weed goes to Washington with them and says that he will, first of all, confer with you and Mr. Hamlin. I think it would be best for Mr. Seward to introduce them, and Mr. Weed will let him know that I think so. Show this to Mr. Hamlin but beyond him do not let my name be known in the matter.

Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN, MS.

Only One Approved.

The first of the three resolutions named was to amend the Constitution by providing that no future amendment should be made giving Congress power to interfere with slavery in the States where it existed by law. The second was for a law of Congress providing that fugitive slaves captured should have a jury trial. The third recommended that the Northern States should "review" their personal liberty laws. Only the first one met the approval of the committee to which it was referred. It passed both Houses by two-thirds majority.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 24, 1860.

Hon. Lyman Trumbull—

My Dear Sir: I expect to be able to offer Mr. Blair a place in the Cabinet, but I cannot as yet be committed on the matter to any extent whatever.

Dispatches have come here two days in succession that the forts in South Carolina will be surrendered by order, or consent at least, of the President. I can scarcely believe this, but if it prove true I will, if our friends in Washington concur, announce publicly at once that they are to be retaken after the inauguration. This will give the Union men a rallying cry, and preparations will proceed somewhat on this side as well as on the other. Yours as ever,

A. LINCOLN, MS.

Lincoln had communicated his views to Seward both by letter and through Thurlow Weed, and it seemed probable that Seward was thus restrained from following Weed in support of the Crittenden plan to restore and extend the Missouri compromise line. Seward's idea, as explained in his speech of January 31, 1861, was that liberty was no longer in danger, because, as he said, there were only twenty-four slaves in the whole territory south of the line of 36 degrees 30 minutes, and west of the Missouri boundary, embracing more than 1,000,000 square miles, although, under the Dred-Scott decision, all United States territory was slave territory if anybody wished to take slaves thither. Three and a half years had passed since that decision was rendered and they had availed themselves of their opportunities only to the extent of one slave to every 44,000 square miles. Therefore he did not consider the question of slavery in the Territories any longer a practical one. His logic was defective, however, since the Republican party, during these three and a half years, had refused to acquiesce in the Dred-Scott decision. It had stood as a constant menace against the introduction of slaves into the region south of 36 degrees 30 minutes. The practical question was, What would happen if the party should now withdraw its opposition to slavery there? Mr. Seward did not address himself to this branch of the subject. The effect of his speech, however, was to convince many newspapers and people that he would vote for the Crittenden measure in the end. That he did not vote on it at all must be ascribed to the fact that he knew that no compromise on the territorial question would be considered by Lincoln.

On the Brink of War.

The pages of the Congressional Globe of 1860-61 make the two most intensely interesting political volumes in our country's history. They embrace the last words that the North and South had to say to each other before the doors of the temple of Janus were thrown open to the civil war. As the moment of parting approached the language became plainer, and its most marked characteristic was not anger, not hatred between the disputants, but failure to understand each other. It was as though the men on either side were looking at an object through glasses of different color, or arguing in different languages, or worshiping different gods. Typical of the disputants were Jefferson Davis and Lyman Trumbull, men of equally strong convictions, and moved equally by love of country as they understood the term. Davis made three speeches, two of which were on the general subject of debate, and one his farewell to the Senate. The first, singularly enough, was called by a resolution offered by a fellow-Southerner and Democrat, Green, of Missouri (December 10, 1860), who proposed that there should be an armed police force provided by Federal authority to guard, where necessary, the dividing line between the slave holding and the nonslave holding States, to preserve the peace and prevent invasions and to execute the fugitive slave law. This scheme Davis considered a quack remedy, and he declared that he could not give it his support because it looked to the employment of force to bring about a condition of security which ought to exist without force. The present want of security he contended, could not be cured by an armed patrol, but only by a change of sentiment in the majority section of the Union toward the minority section. Upon this text he argued in a dispassionate way for a considerable space, ending in these words:

"This Union is dear to me as a union of fraternal States. It would lose its value to me if I had to regard it as a union held together by physical force. I would be happy to know that every State now felt that fraternity which made this union possible; and if that evidence could go out, if evidence satisfactory to the people of the South could be given that that feeling existed in the hearts of the Northern people, you might burn your statute books and we would cling to the Union still. But it is because of their conviction that hostility and not fraternity now exists in the hearts of the people that they are looking to their reserved rights and to their independent powers for their own protection. If there be any good then which we can do it as by sending evidence to them of that which I fear does not exist—the purpose in your constituents to fulfill in the spirit of justice and fraternity all their constitutional obligations. If you can submit to them that evidence I feel confident that with the evidence that aggression is henceforth to cease will terminate all the measures for defense. Upon you of the majority section it depends to restore peace and perpetuate the union of equal States; upon us of the minority section rests the duty to maintain our equality and community rights, and the means in the one case or the other must be such as each can control."

To Let Them Alone.

This was an explicit confirmation of what Lincoln, in his Cooper Institute speech a year earlier, had said was the chief difficulty of the North: "We must not only let them (the South) alone but we must somehow convince them that we do let them alone."

The next step toward compromise which confronted Lincoln during the critical period was the movement initiated by the legislature of Virginia, known as the John Tyler peace conference. This was bottomed on the Crittenden plan of adjustment, with the Powell amendment providing that it should apply to all future acquisitions of territory south of the line of 36 degrees, 30 minutes. A letter from Dr. William Jayne to Trumbull, dated Springfield, January 28, 1861, says that Gov. Yates had received telegraph dispatches from the governors of Ohio and Indiana asking whether Illinois would appoint peace commissioners in response to a call sent out by the governor of Virginia to meet at Washington on the 4th of February. "Lincoln," he continued, "advised Yates not to take any action at present. He said he would rather be hanged by the neck till he was dead on the steps of the Capitol than buy or beg a peaceful inauguration."

But Mr. Lincoln's words neither hastened nor retarded the secession of the Southern States. The effective public sentiment of the South was that avowed by Senator Mason, of Virginia, in a casual debate with Trumbull on December 2, 1856, when he said that the election of anybody by the Republican Party would result in a dismemberment of the Union. The candidate, he added, might be a man of straw, the principles he represented were the only things the South would take account of.

Mr. Lincoln's record was that of a man opposed to the extension of slavery into the territories of the United States. If he had spoken at the Springfield meeting of November 20 and had said that he was willing to divide the unoccupied and unorganized territory between freedom and slavery by a geographical line he would have rent the Republican party in twain and disabled it from offering any effectual resistance to any other demands of the secessionists. Would such a declaration stopped the secession movement?

Evidently not. They had demanded not a division of existing territory, as the Crittenden plan provided, but the right to take slaves to all Territories and hold them there as properly until admitted to the Union as States. That was Jefferson Davis' minimum. Would the granting of half their demand four months before Mr. Lincoln's inauguration (accompanied by an explosion and paralysis of the Republican party) have moderated their claims? Nobody who reads the history thinks so.

Would Not Have Stopped It.

Would the granting of all that they had claimed before the election of Lincoln have stopped secession after his election? No! If Mason spoke the truth in his colloquy with Trumbull South Carolina took steps to secede before Lincoln was elected and it never paused an instant. It did not act upon any abstract theory about "equal rights in the Territories." Its motor was one of internal combustion. It found apt expression in the speech of Senator Wigfall, of Texas, a native South Carolinian, who said: "I say to you that we cannot live in peace, either in the Union or out of it, until you have abolished your abolition societies."

Now, if anybody fancies that it was possible to stop secession at this stage by soothing words, or verbal promises, or Crittenden compromises, he must believe either that South Carolina would have taken back track, or that the other cotton States would have looked on quietly at the coercion of South Carolina by a Republican administration.

To one looking back at the Republican national convention of 1860 it is evident that the choice for President from the outset lay between Lincoln and Seward. No other candidate had the ghost of a chance. We are now able to say that if Seward had been President instead of Lincoln there would have been no armed resistance to the withdrawal of such Southern States as then desired to secede. It was Seward's conviction that the policy of peace and noncoercion would have quieted the secession movement in the border States, and that the gulf States would then have returned homeward like repentant prodigal sons. His proposal to Lincoln to seek a quarrel with four European nations which had done us no harm in order to arouse a feeling of Americanism in the Confederate States was an outgrowth of this conviction. It was an immoral proposition, akin to that of Bismarck when he used France as an anvil on which to weld Germany together, but it was not an unpatriotic one, since it was bottomed on a desire to preserve the Union without civil war.

Traces of this idea are found in the speeches of Jefferson Davis before his State seceded. He would have preferred that the secession movement should not extend beyond South Carolina, and to that end he used all his influence against the coercion of that State. Seward may have derived his idea from Davis, or, more probably, was confirmed by him, in an idea to which he was previously inclined.

Garret Davis' Speech.

The question has been much discussed, and is candidly treated by James Ford Rhodes in his admirable history, whether Crittenden's proposed amendment to the Constitution ought to have been adopted or not. The only plausible argument for adopting it would have been to prevent secession and civil war, and here lies a wide field for difference of opinion as to whether it would have prevented them or not. Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, was in a position to know what were the fixed purposes of the secessionists at that time. In a speech in the Senate on January 22, 1862, on the resolution to expel Senator Bright, of Indiana, he said:

"What have they said again and again? 'The United States government,'—I believe they do not call it that; they call it 'Lincoln's government'—'may give us a blank piece of paper and it may ask us to write on that blank piece of paper our own conditions and terms, and we can write no conditions and terms upon which we will ever consent to return to the Union.'"

The chances are ten to one that it would not have been acceptable to the Cotton States without the Powell amendment applying to future acquisitions of territory. With that clause included, would not demands have arisen thereafter for the acquisition of Cuba, Mexico, &c., for future slave States, to maintain the balance of power in the Senate? It was Lincoln's opinion that under the Crittenden compromise we should have to acquire Cuba within a few years under a new threat of disunion.

Even if the Powell amendment had been cast out, as Crittenden at the last moment desired, slavery would have still remained a festering sore and direful curse. All the elements of discord that had been seething and bubbling for forty years would have remained in full blast, except the single one of the territorial question, and that one would have left its sting behind in the North. Abolition societies would have multiplied. The underground railroad would have done more business than ever. Other John Browns might have arisen. All these things would have operated upon the active fears and hot temper of the South just as before. Both sides would have used the interval of mock peace to prepare for war, and the irrepressible conflict would have come later.

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> **Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any rights; nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital, producing mutual benefits. * * * No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take or touch aught which they have not honestly earned.**—Message to Congress, December 3, 1861.

> **I had not provided the flag; I had not made the arrangements for elevating it to its place. I had applied but a very small portion of my feeble strength in raising it. In the whole transaction I was in the hands of the people who had arranged it. And if I can have the same generous co-operation of the people of the nation, I think the flag of our country may still be kept flaunting gloriously.**—Speech in Independence Hall, February 22, 1861.

WILL RESTORE OLD HOUSE.

Want Home of Colonial Governors of Massachusetts.

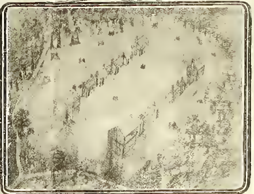
From the Boston Advertiser.

Every effort will be made by the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of Revolution to procure the old Province House, in Province court, the home of Colonial governors, and the most important building in the State before the erection of the old State House.

President Burrage of the society says that about $200,000 is needed to purchase the property and to restore it to its former appearance. An architect has been employed by the society to make an investigation, and, although the building was badly burned in 1864, he has reported that enough of the original walls remains to insure an accurate restoration.

In its present state the Province House is occupied by painters and carpenters, while the cellar forms the stage of a moving picture theater.

SCENES AND PLACES IN EARLY LIFE

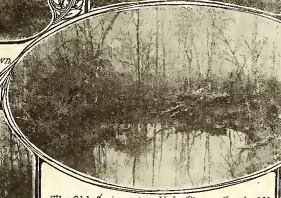

Hughes' Station, Jefferson Co., Ky., Where Lincoln's Grandfather Was Killed by Indians in 1788

Globe Hotel, Springfield, Where the Lincolns' Boarded

Early Home of Lincoln, Elizabethtown, Ky.

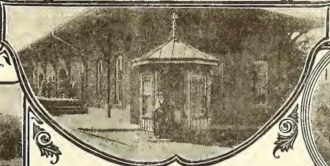
Mouth of Anderson Creek, Lincoln Was Ferryman Here for Ten Months

Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Attended by Lincoln


The Old Swimming Hole, Pigeon Creek, Ill.

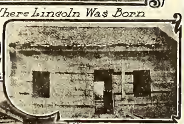
Hill Near Gentryville Where Lincolns Last Saw Their Old Home in Indiana

Crawford Well Lincoln Helped to Dig.


Depot Where Lincoln Bade Farewell to Springfield.

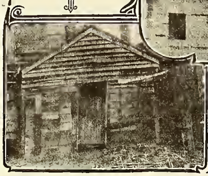
Rock Spring on Farm of Lincoln's Birth

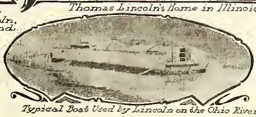
Rock Spring Farm Where Lincoln Was Born


Cabin Built by Abraham Lincoln, Spencer Co., Ind.

Thomas Lincoln's Home in Illinois

Mill, New Salem

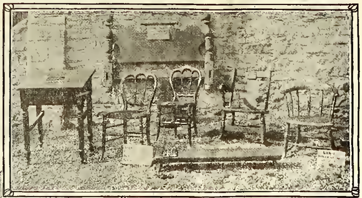

Lincoln's Store in New Salem


Typical Boat Used by Lincoln on the Ohio River

The School House in Which Abraham Lincoln Spoke in 1844 New Salem

RELICS OF A PRESIDENT

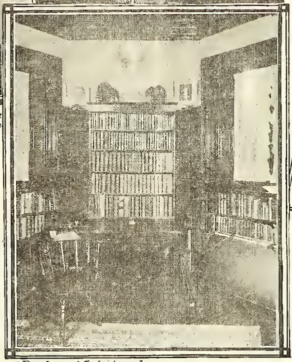
Model of Lincoln's Patent for Disabled Boats



Group of Relics

Interior of Lincoln's Log Cabin

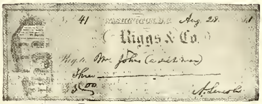
Cabinet Made By Lincoln



Desk and Inkstand

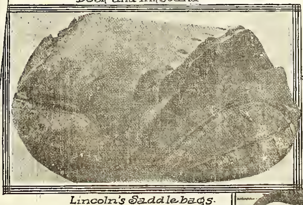
Lincoln's Office Chair.

Surveying Instruments.



Characteristic Check.

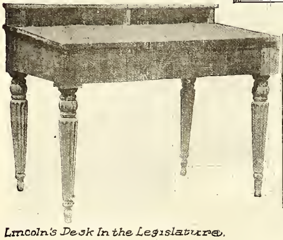
Bootjack



Lincoln's Saddlebags.

Lincoln's Broadaxe

Chair Lincoln Sat In When Shot.



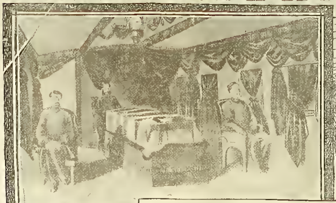
Lincoln's Desk In the Legislature.

Hatbox.

Railsplitter Souvenir

Lincoln Medal

ASSASSINATION AND FUNERAL.

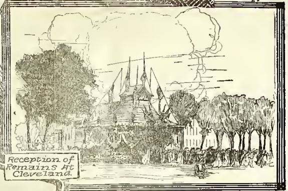


In the Funeral Car.

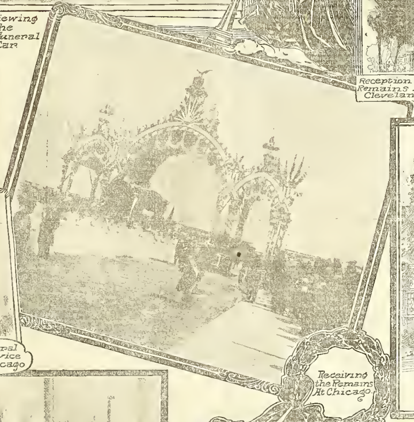
Lincoln's Law Office At Springfield

Viewing the Funeral Car

Sergt. Corbett Who Killed Booth.



Reception of Remains At Cleveland.



Receiving the Remains At Chicago.

House Where Lincoln Died.

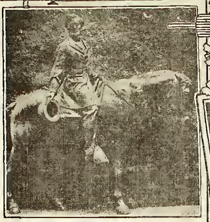
Funeral Service In Chicago

Trial of the Conspirators.

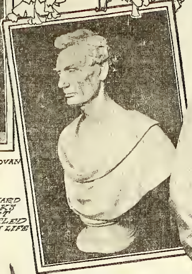
Escape of Booth.

Funeral Services At the White House.

MONUMENTS and MEMORIES

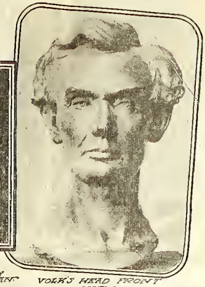


EQUESTRIAN STATUE BY O'DONOVAN

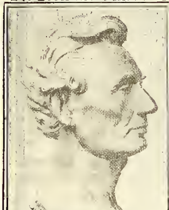


ST GAUDENS' WORK IN LINCOLN PARK

BUST BY O'DONOVAN



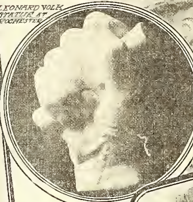
VOLK'S HEAD FRONT VIEW



LEONARD VOLK'S BUST MODELED FROM LIFE

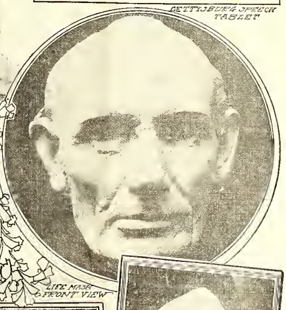
GETTYSBURG SPEECH TABLET

LEONARD VOLK STATUE AT ROCHESTER



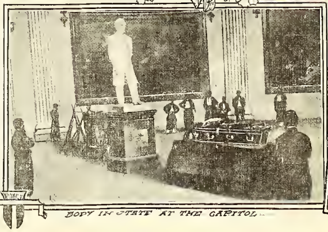
RIGHT HAND FRONT VIEW

HANDS IN BRONZE

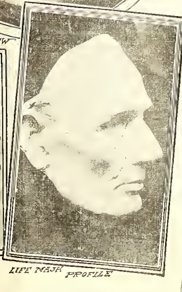


LIFE MASK FRONT VIEW

THE EDINBURGH STATUE



BODY IN STATE AT THE CAPITOL



LIFE MASK PROFILE